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The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, July 3, 1929. Volume 152, Number 10. Published weekly by The Outlook Company, at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Robert H. Woods; Sec'y. Harold T. Pulsifer. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the Outlook Company.

Looking Forward

IN PRESENTING articles on prohibition, we are often asked what is the point of view of the Outlook itself. The mere fact that in a journal devoted to inquiry we consider it a vital subject for discussion ought to make that clear.

BENEATH the present struggle there lie two opposing ways of viewing and living life—ways which not only involve two differing interpretations of Christianity, but two genuinely opposed philosophies, particularly in regard to the character of the individual and the way in which he intends to meet life.

THERE IS A world of difference between a philosophy which, when it fears a thing, socially or personally, seeks to destroy it (which means, usually, in effect, to place it outside the field of consciousness) and a philosophy which, when faced with the same thing, seeks to ascertain all the facts about it, to evaluate them and to find the best method of using it for humanity's happiness. Politically speaking, regulation is the practical method used by the one school, prohibition, by the other.

AT PRESENT, there is much confusion of thought, because of the conflict between these two philosophies. What appears as a moral issue to one side, appears as an effort at regulation to the other. What to one side is freedom and the inalienable right to the adventure of life appears to the other as immorality.

IN THE PRESENT stage of the argument it is easy to find and print fact articles on the subject from the Modificationists. Being interested in methods, they desire to discuss the subject. It is not easy, however, to secure such articles from the Prohibitionists, because not only is it a question of morals to them, not methods, but obviously they have nothing to gain by discussion.

IN OUR VIEW, nevertheless, nothing is ever settled until the vast majority of men consider that the best workable solution has been found. For that reason, we welcome full and intelligent discussion of the subject.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE
An etching by Percy Robertson

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Outlook
and Independent

July 3, 1929

Why Labour Governs England

By H. N. BRAILSFORD

The ruling class no longer rules England. Government is in the hands of men who have earned their living with their hands. What may we expect from these new leaders? Their main task, says the author, will be to collaborate with Mr. Hoover in clearing away the obstacles to Anglo-American friendship. Mr. Brailsford is a member of the Labor Party, a journalist and a former editor of the "New Leader"

FOR the second time in British history Labor is forming a government which will have in its hands the destinies not only of our island, but of the Empire. It will control the navy; it may give freedom to India; it will confer with the United States on the future of the world's armaments. Yet, in this government the ruling class of the Empire is unrepresented; half of its members are men who have worked with their hands in mines and factories and locomotives. Few of them, if they had lived in the early days of Gladstone and Disraeli, would have possessed a vote. The Prime Minister grew up in the smithy of an obscure fishing village of the Highlands. The Chancellor who will handle a budget of nearly five billion dollars started life, like Tom Paine, as a humble official in the customs. We make our revolutions quietly and gradually, yet the social and political change which Labor's coming to power represents, is hardly less truly a revolution than that which created a Republic in Germany. It ends the monopoly of government by men of wealth and birth. It is not, indeed, our first experiment with a Labor Administration. Mr. MacDonald's brief term of nine months in 1924 added to his party's prestige, softened many ignorant prejudices, and left a memory of notable successes in the field of diplomacy. But Labor was at that time only the second in strength of the three parties, and it faced a Liberal Party vastly more formidable in numbers and personnel than the remnant which will sit with it today. It has attained its majority as the strongest party of the three, and it is likely to hold office on this occasion long enough to test its capacity in every department of affairs.

It is not easy for American readers, watching the rise of our Labor Party from a distance, to understand the reasons for its growth. Yet this has all the marks of an uninterrupted and inevitable march of destiny. The pace has never slackened; the direction has never been reversed. At every election, since first it was founded, its vote has steadily grown. On the eve of the War it was already a critical and independent group of forty members, but it had no choice save to keep the Liberals in power. In 1928 it mustered over two million voters. Today its poll has risen to over eight millions. It has achieved all this without money and without a press. Never was there such a lavish expenditure of funds by Tories and Liberals as in this election, while one had to search with diligence to discover a Labor poster.

The entire daily press, with the single exception of the "Daily Herald," which cannot afford to give an adequate news service, is either Liberal or Tory, and makes little pretense of reporting Labor speeches. Nor is it the brilliance of the Labor leaders which accounts for its success: Mr. Lloyd George outshines them all in wit, inventiveness and eloquence. Unlike the other parties, Labor is a movement which advances by the momentum of its own mass. It lives as an active force between elections, never weary of conducting its weekly indoor meetings, and its open-air propaganda. It relies on the collective consciousness of men and women massed in their factories and workshops. They form a public opinion as they gossip during the dinner hour, while in the mining districts, its faith is already an hereditary creed, which descends from father to son. It can count on a devoted rank-and-file of men and women, who will speak, or canvass or address envelopes without a thought of reward or promotion; for as yet it has had no offices to bestow, nor indeed, in England, does political power confer any wide range of patronage. It has its group of students, its colleges and its organized effort in adult education.

TO GRASP the intense interest of the alert and better-educated section of the workers in politics, may I remind the American reader that the range of political action is with us far wider than it is in the United States? Hardly for a day can the English worker forget that it matters vitally to him who governs the country. At his birth, the state's insurance scheme made a grant to his mother. If he falls sick, the same insurance scheme will provide a doctor, and maintain him while he is invalided from work. If he is unemployed, again a national insurance scheme will maintain him and his family. Since the War, almost his only hope of securing a comfortable house depends on the

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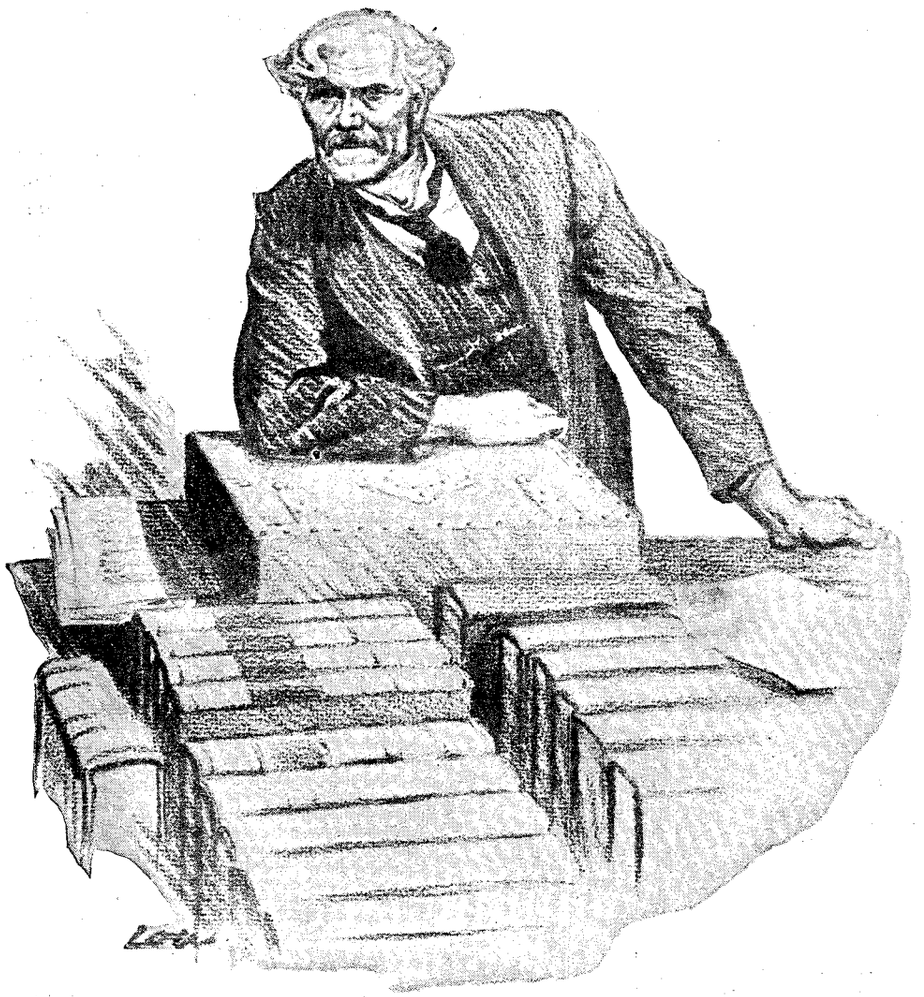
activity of the local authorities in building cottages or tenements under a state scheme. When old age overtakes him, he will enjoy a state pension. A Labor dispute on a great scale interests the government and secures its intervention, as it rarely does in America. Finally the War, which on the whole, confirmed the American worker in his isolation, compelled the British worker to think internationally. He knows that within six weeks of a murder in an obscure Serbian town, he may again find himself in khaki.

While life has taught him much, he has been influenced, also, in many years, by the steady preaching of Socialism. It is not a doctrinaire gospel as we state it, and still less will it tolerate violence. Its central idea is that a modern community can no longer leave the conduct of its economic life to the haphazard play of the interests of competing groups. It must control for the general good. How far control must eventually mean the public ownership of the regulative services (banking, electricity, the railways and the like), experience will decide. Scientific and democratic control is the objective; public ownership is a means to that end, and it is today on these services, which govern a community's growth, as the glands govern the shaping of our bodies, that our party concentrates its attention. For the rest, we insist that poverty denies to the worker's child the opportunity of attaining a full human stature. In the incessant process of dividing the national income that comes from the cooperative labor of the whole people, we are dividing also things more precious than money—houseroom and sunlight, health and physical growth, the conditions that make a well stored mind, and even the ability to enjoy our cultural heritage. We aim deliberately, by graduated taxation, at a better distribution, through the social services, of this national income.



RAMSAY MACDONALD

The illustrations used in this article are drawings by Low, taken from "Lions and Lambs" by Lynx, published by Harcourt, Brace

These ideas have widened the appeal of the Labor party far beyond the ranks of the normal workers. Indeed, it is always careful so to define the word "worker" as to include the manager, the organizer, the scientist, the doctor and the teacher. A year ago, at Oxford, the Labor Club had grown to be the strongest of the three party organizations among the undergraduates. The new party in the House includes writers like Norman Angell, university lecturers like Dr. Dalton, Professor Noel Baker and Mr. Lees Smith, and even a few members of "old" families like Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley, Mr. Noel Buxton and Mr. Ponsonby. But the fact remains that the professional class, including the teaching staffs of the universities, is not "liberal" (in the American sense of the word); by an immense majority the older generation belongs to the Conservative Party.

The vote of May 30 was, however, something more than an incident in the normal growth of Labor's forces: it registered the country's discontent with Mr. Baldwin's administration. One has felt, during these five years, as if one were condemned to a sort of death in life. Inaction had become a system; inertia was canonized a virtue. At the end of it all, to warn us of its own complacency, the Tory Party went to the country on the slogan of "Safety First." This would have been intelligible if the country were enjoying an era of prosperity. But throughout the last eight years, the total of the registered unemployed has never fallen below a million; if one adds those no longer on the register, and reckons their wives and children, it is obvious that we have a permanent surplus population of perhaps four millions. To maintain these unfortunates in involuntary and unproductive idleness, we spend $250,000,000 annually, while they steadily lose their courage, their health and their craftsman's skill. No persuasion would even induce this government to expand our national works of construction, though our equipment, since the War, has fallen in many vital respects far behind that of the more advanced countries of the Continent. Our electrical service is backward; the handling of freight by our railways is costly and archaic; our telephone net work ought to be expanded; an indefinite amount of work could be done on the roads; great areas of agricultural land are going out of cultivation for lack of main drainage,

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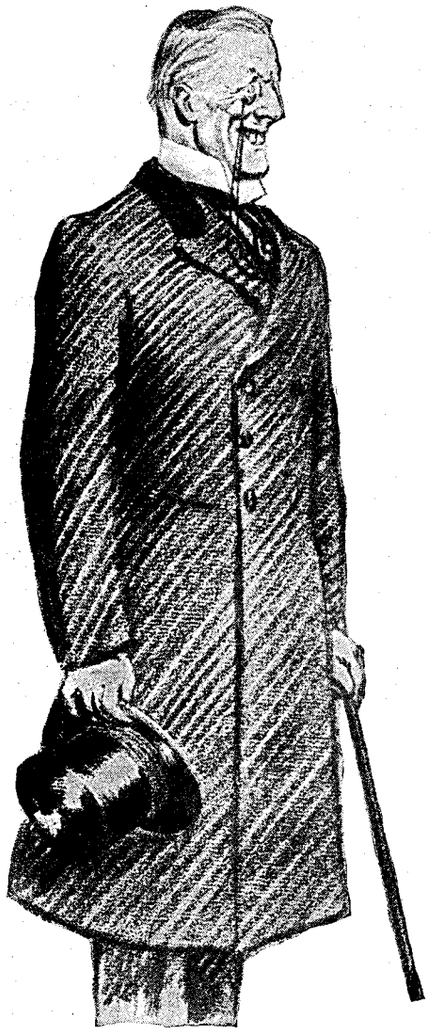
and finally, our slums (which exist in the picturesque villages as well as the grimy towns) clamor for rebuilding. Painfully, and at a heavy cost, our national credit has been established and conserved, but this government had a miserly dread of using it. There is an overwhelming case for a bold creative programme of national development, which will at once modernise our public services and find useful work for the unemployed. Our staple trades, coal-mining, engineering, shipbuilding and textiles, handicapped by their Victorian tradition of small-scale individualism, are all depressed, and some of them require either legislative compulsion to overcome obstructive interests, or help



SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

in the shape of public credit, if they are to reorganize themselves promptly. Our case is not beyond the help of economic science, but it demands organized thought and a strong will. A development programme on these lines was common ground between Labor and the Liberals. Labor, in addition, proposed to ease the Labor market at both ends, by prolonging the compulsory school-life of the young, and by offering an ampler pension at an earlier age to the veterans.

Second only to this problem of unemployment was that of peace. Sir Austen Chamberlain had alienated progressive opinion by his negative attitude to arbitration, his persistent neglect of the League of Nations, his subservience to French policy, and, worst of all, by his tactless conduct of our relations with the United States. No one trusted Mr. Baldwin's government to use the opportunity for naval disarmament which Mr. Hoover has created. It had, moreover, a disastrous record in its dealings with Russia, China and Egypt, while decisions of the utmost moment for the future of India must be taken within a year. A third issue must also be mentioned, though it interested Liberals more deeply than Labor—the Government's policy of "safeguarding" trade threatened to develop gradually into a system of protection. These questions were argued more gravely than at any election within my memory. There were few personalities, and no "stunts," and for this sobriety all parties deserve credit. It was a gross libel on the younger generation to suppose that the enfranchisement of the women under thirty would tend to frivolous politics.

One question remains to be answered. Why, from this general trend towards action and progress, has the Liberal Party failed to gain? It hoped to return 150 members; hostile prophets expected it to secure ninety; it numbers, in fact, only fifty-nine. Yet it had many advantages. In Mr. Lloyd George it possesses the most magnetic and brilliant personality in our political world, and never has he spoken with more spirit, or managed his dramatic tactics with such skill. With a party of only forty-six behind him, he contrived to hold the center of the political stage. His party was lavishly provided with money—indeed, too amply for its good name. It has by far the ablest staff of economists and publicists, and produced a body of literature which compelled the respect of opponents. It has a capable press of its own, and in addition, Lord Rothermere swung the usual ultra-Tory "Daily Mail" into its service, with an immense phalanx of syndicated papers in the provinces. Nor was this all. The ablest Tory publicist, Mr. Garvin of the "Observer," was pleading for a common front between his own party and the Liberals, and so, with a certain devious subtlety,

LLOYD GEORGE

was Lord Beaverbook, who owns the "Daily Express," and another big cohort of syndicated satellite sheets. In fact, the popular press deserted the Tory cause.

The reasons for this Liberal failure are not mysterious. The mass vote of the urban workers was won, long ago, for Labor: they will not trust a party which parades its wealth, and is dominated, in the last resort, by a capitalist group. They failed, chiefly because of the incurable distrust which Mr. Lloyd George's character and record arouse, even among loyal Liberals. It is notorious that three of his five lieutenants follow him only because he is too adroit to be overthrown, or because he controls the party's war chest. The rest of us read his speeches with interest and amusement; we enjoy Welsh speeches, as we delight in undue agility. Without his inexhaustible vitality, this party would die: handicapped by his reputation it cannot grow. The average English election dislikes subtleties and complications, and fails to understand the need for a third party which skirmishes on the flanks of the main battle. It was obvious during the election that, although Mr. George directed all his heavier batteries against the Tories, he meant to use his power (as, with 150

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followers, he could have done) to keep them in office under his dictation. If one wanted them in office, the simpler course was to vote for their candidates.

Happily the composition of the new Parliament sets severe limits to the dictatorship which Mr. Lloyd George hoped to wield with his balancing middle party. It would not suffice to maintain a Tory government in office, or even a Tory-Liberal coalition. Such a combination might have on paper a majority of thirty, but that calculation is wholly delusive. The Liberals are a party which resents discipline, and its attendance at the House is extremely irregular. It has lost many of its Right Wing in the election, while some of the old Asquithians have come back, who do not follow Mr. George gladly. One doubts whether twenty of his fifty-eight members could be trusted to support a Tory government. That possibility, then, is excluded. The only course that is open to the Liberals is to give a discriminating support to Labor. Even this is unnecessary, for, if they choose to abstain (and few of them do, in fact, attend regularly), Labor has a sufficient majority over the Tories. United, the two parties will command (allowing for the few independents) a majority of eighty-eight. It is unlikely that there will be any formal treaty between them, or any regular, official conferences.

To what extent they can attain an informal working partnership depends on three conditions. Firstly, it is essential that Labor should promise, and faithfully carry through, a measure of electoral reform. Our rough old-fashioned system is as ill-suited to the complication of a third party as your own. It never produces even an approximately accurate correspondence between the seats won and the votes cast. On this occasion, with twenty-three per cent of the votes, Liberals have secured less than a tenth of the seats; they ought to have won over 120 seats. Neither of the other parties desires a change, since both of them hope to crush the Liberals eventually between the upper and nether mill-stone; yet both of them include in their ranks some influential supporters of proportional representation, and few Labor men would in theory object to the simpler reform of the alternative vote. This, at least, Mr. MacDonald will have to promise, if he hopes for a quiet life. It is obvious, to come to the second condition, that he must refrain, until he is ready for another election, from any distinctively socialist legislation. That will not incommode him seriously; he is the most moderate and cautious of men, his foible is not rash action, but rough and tactless speech. The third condition of any fruitful collaboration is simply courtesy, and a disposition to make some use of the talent and knowledge which the Liberals possess out of all proportion to their numbers. On these terms a Labor government may last for two years or longer. The Liberals, indeed, would be foolish to precipitate another election; the country would resent such an interruption of its normal life.

With good leadership a Labor government should be able to transform the whole international outlook. It will restore the vitality of the League of Nations. It will accept arbitration without reserves. It will use its whole influence to end the occupation of the Rhineland. It will at once resume diplomatic and commercial relations with Russia. But its main task will be to collaborate with Mr. Hoover in clearing away the obstacles to Anglo-American friendship. It will certainly wish to go as fast and as far as America will march with it, in reducing naval armaments. Left to itself, it would gladly cut down navies by half, or even further. Nor need it fear Liberal opposition. Its danger will come from society, from the Tory press, and from the traditional pride of the average Englishman in sea-power. It needs a strong government to cope with these formidable forces; the resignation of a few admirals would alone suffice to create a panic. But here we may hope for notable progress. Of these external questions the most difficult is India. The Labor Party is pledged to concede the Dominion status. But can it move faster than the Simon Commission will advise, and the Liberals will permit? And yet, if it fails to concede India's demand, may it not be faced by the passive resistance of a great part of the Hindu population?

At home our problem is rather one of administration than of legislation. The government has to remove the dead hand of Tory caution which was running national machinery on low gear. If it can make a bold start with its development programme, the psychological response and the circulation of fresh money, through the buying power of the newly-employed men, will do the rest—under one condition. This condition is that the government can induce the Bank of England to abandon the paralyzing policy of monetary deflation which it has pursued incessantly, and apparently on principle, through eight years of depression. My own strong belief is that Mr. Keynes, Sir Josiah Stamp and Mr. McKenna (to name only three distinguished authorities) are right in ascribing the major part of our chronic trade depression to this cause. The government will labor in vain, if the bank can thwart it at every turn by a persistent refusal to permit even the most cautious expansion of credit. The industrialists will, of course, take our view of this matter, but behind the bank is the intense and timid conservation of the City of London, the interest of the *rentier* class, which gains by the steady fall of the general price level and the weight of the orthodoxy of the older generation of economists.

The government may try to influence the bank, but cannot dictate to it. This, even more than the inadequacy of its majority in the House, is the source of weakness I chiefly dread. Its next task will be to build up a central general staff for national development, as a permanent organization. This will have to link up the various aspects of credit, labor and technical equipment, preparing its schemes, and co-ordinating the work of departments which have gone their own way, hitherto, in disdainful isolation. It is not an idea which will shock any one, and yet it embodies the Socialist principle of scientific control for the common good. It is the antithesis of Mr. Baldwin's helpless maxim that "industry must work out its own salvation." In this field untried men must pioneer in new paths, and only a rash prophet would venture on prediction. It is otherwise in the field of diplomacy and constructive peace. To no subject have the leaders of the party devoted more constant attention. They have, even the manual workers among them, an experience of international action, and a knowledge of the democracies of Europe, vastly more intimate than one could discover in either of the other parties. For the Labor parties and the trade unions of the Old World form a close organization, and for a generation these men have been accustomed to confer with their European colleagues. Labor has the international mind, and the ambition to shape the world for peace.

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I Needed Religion

ANONYMOUS

In a recent issue the son of an Episcopal clergyman told why he no longer attended his father's church. In the present religious confession, a woman, reared in the Roman Catholic faith, tells why she finally became a communicant of the Episcopal Church

HER white cotton stockings showing above heelless laced shoes over which her black cheviot skirt falls in grotesque shapes, a Lay Sister kneels on the wide-boarded floor of the convent corridor. She is rubbing its waxy mirror to a polish incredibly brighter. She makes strong, ardent movements with her arms. Her back aches in the work of it, encumbered by its heavy habit, her knees burn against the floor. She is "making an act," as she calls it—an "act of mortification," —mingling in prayer her slight suffering with the agony of Our Lord, glorifying her pathetic body in His Majesty.

Beyond her stooping figure, against a high window of stained glass, rises the seated figure of the Mater Admirabilis. It is the month of May, the Blessèd Mary's month, so that the seated statue, plaster, painted in pale flesh tones with blush pink garments and pale blue veil, is banked with living flowers and lighted candles.

The Lay Sister has finished her task and her devotions. She goes away as the doors at either side of the corridor open, and the lines of girls march out.

WITH THEM are half a dozen nuns. These are not Lay Sisters, but the "Madams" of the Sacred Heart. Like the Lay Sisters, they are dressed in trailing black. But it is black of finer texture. Each carries a small book-like box, hinged upon its longer edges. With it they give a sharp click. It is always the signal for attention, sharper than a traffic whistle and infinitely more ladylike than the raised voice or the clapped hand. For these are "ladies," every one of them, and, in so far as divine humility will permit, proudly conscious that theirs is the most aristocratic of the female orders of the Church, and curiously, too, often most proud because nearly every one of the nuns in this convent is a "convert."

A SHARP CLICK sounds on the wooden clapper. As the girls kneel, one of them steps forward and walks demurely down the waxy floor toward the statue. Slowly and carefully she walks up to the statue and lifts the basket of flowers, the book, and the sewing basket made of painted plaster, rearranges them—makes a new statue, a new tableau of the figured Madonna. Then, slowly, she walks back to her place in the line and the songs and prayers of the "May devotions" go on to their end.

Click, rise; click, turn; click, go back to the classrooms. . . . I wonder why it is that, when my mind runs back into inquiring how and why I gave up the Catholic Church, that scene always comes first to memory. I think it must be because there was for me in it even then, when I was a little girl of eight or ten, something profoundly symbolical of the beauty and spirituality which I loved in the Church and of the regimentation and class distinctions which I hated. Or perhaps it was because I never could achieve being that good little girl who had the privilege of moving the plaster book and the plaster work-basket. That meritorious employment was the reward to the precious child who had not been "marked for conduct;" and when there were many such enviable pupils, many who were most distinguished for their piety, I never, however hard I tried, was able to achieve either.

LOOKING BACK, I cannot say that they were wrong about it. Although, looking back, I know that they had no idea whatever of what was actually going on in my heart. They did their best about me. There was even one devoted nun, a certain Mother Murphy, who made for me a scapular with her own hands, upon which she sewed a pretty white kid Agnus Dei and a tiny silver medal of St. Joseph. When I told her (being of the maturity of some eleven years) that I didn't believe in them and didn't want to wear them because I hated the way the brown tape of the scapular scratched my shoulders, under my dress, she seized me forcibly and hung it about my neck, in the kind but fanatical belief that its mere presence about my unregenerate neck would have some signal effect upon me.

This same Mother Murphy had lost prestige with me by the stories she considered edifying which struck me, even then, as quite the opposite. She it was who informed us that if we swallowed grape seeds, a grape vine would "grow up in the stomach," and sought to divert us from fortune-tellers by describing how "the Devil appeared and the table flew up and struck the ceiling!" What neither she nor any other nun—nor any one else in the world—could possibly have known was that secretly I was given to all sorts of private devotions and ascetic penances, in a wild and unguided desire to find my way to God.

I got those prayers and penances for myself out of the lives of the saints which we read during the days of silence in retreats and out of the pious prize books which I carried off in considerable number for scholarship. Many a time I tried putting dried peas in my shoes or kneeling on little pebbles while I said my prayers. My mind—or whatever passed for it—was entirely asleep during those periods. I went down deep into some wells of the unconscious, about which neither the nuns nor I could possibly have known anything at all, for Freud had not then been heard of.

Those efforts at reaching after God through strange and childish ascetic practices were very short, however. Those hours of sitting by a window-sill at night, looking up at the stars, and wondering which star is beyond that one and then—and then—what is beyond *that?*—which had been the nightly occupation of my earliest childhood, gave way before I was in my 'teens to the reading of metaphysics. All by myself, before I was twelve, I had begun to decipher the few Greek books that were my sole inheritance from a French-educated father. But always, from those childhood years, the reading of Locke and Berkeley, of Kant and Hegel was only a groping toward the answer to that "Riddle of the Universe" which Haeckel never answered. And my determination to study Greek sprang from a feeling that by reading the New Testament in the original I might come closer to what it really said.

AND, IN THE MEANTIME, nun and philosopher, one by one, left me

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unsatisfied. I felt equally strangely foreign to the religious life, of which I tried so sincerely to become a part, and to the detached intellect of speculative philosophy. I needed religion.

We lived on the North Side of Chicago near Moody's Church, and within convenient roller-skating distance of a Methodist Church, the highest of Episcopal Churches and the Cathedral of the Holy Name. Often after I had conscientiously done my bit at mass at the last named, still oftener after I had slept late in bed on a Sunday, and still more often on a week-day, I would go off by myself to be present at the cheerily loud singings and the unanimous prayings of the Moody enthusiasts or the more kid-gloved services of the Methodist Church. Although there was a certain forthright sincerity in them, they seemed to be more alien to me than those to which I had been born.

THEN, ONE DAY, lured by news of an organ recital, I happened into the Episcopal Church. I could not have told then and I cannot quite tell today why it was that I felt at home there. As long as we lived in Chicago, I would slip away by myself—always with a certain feeling of guilt—to that Church. I compromised with my conscience by deciding that I would go to the church I liked only on those Sundays when I had first gone to mass in that church which I thought I ought to attend.

Precociously, I had, through that daily convent discipline, acquired a pretty thorough layman's knowledge of Catholic theology by the time I was fourteen. Equally precociously, I had become convinced that I was not being "educated." I wanted to study science —especially then, physiology,—and I found myself among girls who were encouraged to take a bath wearing a nightgown. I wanted to study Greek and Latin and they were not taught.

How I managed to bring it about that I should prepare for college has nothing to do with this story, but the fact that I was the kind of a person who would do so has a great deal to do with the fact that I ultimately left the Roman Church. By the time I entered the university, I was sure that I did not believe in the fundamental dogmas of Transubstantiation, the Immaculate Conception and the Infallibility of the Pope. I came, in time, to know many Catholics (I have often suspected that some of my clerical acquaintances were among them) who were able to find that intellectual acquiescence in dogma was a minor thing compared to what you might call a manner of life. And, as I have grown older, I have become more tolerant and understanding of such a state of mind.

But also I have grown to believe that with me, at least, those dogmas which then seemed to be the barriers to my continued Catholicism were actually only my mental symbols of a deeper difference. It was not alone dogma that drove me from the Church but also dogmatism. In other words, authoritarianism. There must be some deep difference between two types of human beings, between those who find a sense of peace and security in being cared for and those who cannot rely upon others but instinctively look to themselves. And I believe that this is the profoundest difference between those who are by nature Catholic and those who are by nature Protestant.

The Catholic Church seems to say: "Trouble not your soul with this doubt. Ask not yourself about this conduct. We have here the entire, the ultimate truth, the way to Heaven. Accept it. Go on your way."

For many a soul weary with its own struggles, such souls as that of Cardinal Newman, this is the way to happiness. It is a longed-for anodyne. For me, it was only a spiritual drug. Still more I rebelled because that answer was upon the lips of priests, that healing was in the hands of priests. And I looked at those priests and I talked with them, and, for me, they destroyed their own words. I came to have a distaste which was almost psychopathic for the whole hierarchy of the Catholic Church.

IT WAS from no merely personal experience, but from something very deep in the Church itself, that I went more and more away from her. For one thing, as I grew older, I came to see in the ceremonials of the Church something which I now call a sort of sadism. If, in the hierarchy, I felt the interposition of a something between my own soul and God, so also in the pictures of the tortured Christ, the bleeding heart, the arrow-pierced St. Sebastian, and in the stories of the bodily sufferings of the martyrs, I seemed to find a morbid taste for horrors. Of late years, all these seem to me an opportunity for an unconscious form of sex-gratification.

And here, again, I recognize another means by which the Church has carried on that continuous record of hers. Other churches, other sects, appeal only or primarily to the top of the head. The Catholic Church reaches down deep into that subconscious mind which is the mind of the race, the mind of humanity.

I WAS NOT at that time at all interested in politics. It was not until later that I came to realize a further point which has contributed in keeping me firmly outside the Roman Church, that is, the perfectly obvious fact that it is the only organization in the world which exists both as a religion and as a political institution. Later on I came to see how, in its latter aspect, it claims a power superior to any human state. I saw its interference in the politics of every country where it is given an inch of opportunity, and I saw that its politics were no more elevated than those of any merely human kind.

I saw, further, the abasement of those peoples where its politics had been allowed full sway. And I saw that not only did it within its own being function to produce and to maintain a hierarchy which is a religious aristocracy, but that in its dealings with nations, in its approach to politics, it takes always the aristocratic view.

With maturity of years, there came to me the capacity to see, quite impersonally, this great body of Catholics existing within my own country, permeating it, and lying between the non-Catholic elements like separate streams of fresh and salt water flowing side by side yet never mixing. I came to believe that this "separatism" is fundamental, essential and inescapable, and that the Roman Catholic Church itself is responsible for it. For it is the Roman Catholic Church which insists upon separate schools, which prints its own histories, its own scientific textbooks, which, even in the United States, refuses to its membership the right to read those books (to the Protestant mind so often innocent) which a group of Italian prelates in Rome have (often for merely religio-political reasons) placed upon the Index. I remember, for example, the storm raised in the convent when I was discovered reading "Hypatia!"

So that it is, in some small degree, as a part of my "Americanism"—a term now frequently met with in Catholic publications themselves as representing something different from "Catholicism" —that I cannot be a Catholic.

And then, besides its sacerdotalism,

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its ceremonials, and its separatisms, there was the attitude of the Roman Church toward women. The Catholic denies the "aristocracy" of the Church by pointing out that it is the "church of the poor." My sense of its aristocracy is based on the deeper fact that it regards poverty as inevitable and builds upon the bowed back of the poor the gold-and-purple nobles of the Church. In the same way the Church points to its exaltation of women by lighting candles before Mary and the women saints. But at the same time it leaves all the essential and important ministrations of the Church in the hands of men, and by its political power remains the greatest obstacle to the spread of scientific and decent efforts in directing the education of women in birth control.

AND IF, as I know from personal experience, there is one argument for the powerful and enlightened upon the lips of the clergy and another upon their lips for the ignorant and poor, so in the actual practice of the Church there is one standard for men and a different standard for women. By this I do not mean that men are not encouraged to virtue and to sobriety. They are. But, out of that deep understanding of human frailty which characterizes her, the Church has developed a certain charity for the man who yields to the temptation of unchastity. And it never demands that its members shall not drink but only that they shall not get too drunk. Inebriety, no matter how terrible the consequences to the man's family, is only a sin similar in category to, say, overeating. There are temperance societies within the Church of considerable extent but I have not heard of prohibition societies of any consequence.

So that it is as a woman, also, that I revolt against Catholicism. The easy geniality of the priesthood might not have been so repellent to me if I had not shared the Protestant woman's feeling of a right to her own liberty within marriage and shared with many Protestant women their horror of the consequences of drink.

In these lines as within the other lines of the "separatism" of the Catholic Church, she remains something essentially different from us other Americans—and different to a degree which we Protestants do not realize but of which she is herself entirely aware.

Among the marks of the "true Church" as the Catholic will give them to you, is the mark of "persecution." I heard the speech of a Catholic missionary on the radio the other night. It was the same speech I had heard often before. It gloried in the "persecution" of the Church. It never admitted or mentioned the salient truth that however absurd the ignorant prejudice of the Protestant may be, it exists because of the determination of the Church itself to remain different from the rest of us not merely in teachings and forms of worship but also in those deepest cultural aspects which go to the very roots of life.

I might, perhaps, never have taken a public stand, I might never have formally left the Church, if I had not married. But with marriage and the probability of children, I had to face that question frankly. The man I married was an English Churchman of the "high and crazy" kind. Myself, I belonged to the "broad and hazy" class. He was so sympathetic to the Roman communion that he would, I think, have been quite willing to join that faith, if I had wished him to, or, certainly, to make the promises required by the Roman Church of a Protestant who marries a Catholic.

FACING, THEN, the final question whether I should remain nominally a Catholic and so bring up my children in that faith, I stepped out of the tacit acceptance I had hitherto given the faith of my mother, and definitely joined the Episcopal Church. As the English Church recognizes the Roman sacraments, and as I had been both baptized and confirmed, there was no further ceremonial about it than an interview with the rector of St. John's in the Chicago suburb where I then lived. But there was for me a profound joy in taking communion for the first time in the Church I had loved from my errant searching childhood.

So, now, I could for the first time in my life, feel honest when I entered "my" church on Sunday. And I could look forward to bringing up my children with that religious atmosphere of which I still believe no child should be deprived. For I am sorry for children who are brought up without religion, even if they leave it afterward. A maturing individuality may be able to get on without prayer and the reliance on a Supreme Being, that sense of union with great spiritual forces which the Latin word, *religio*, implies. Such a state of mind is too rarified for the ordinary child to subsist upon.

I never, in the years which followed, felt that my children were the better for the terrible tosh of the "Bible lessons" and the mechanical efforts of psychologically undernatured young women to lead them in the paths of churchliness.

BUT THE MERE READING of the noble words of the English prayer-book, the sense it gives of a community with others in this life and in the next, mere presence at the simple and dignified ceremonies of the Episcopal Church provided a tie between the sordid everyday and the divine eternal. For myself it was always possible to worship in that Church and to participate in its communion, because I was not asked too strictly to define my beliefs in any but a few fundamental doctrines, shared by most Christians. Instead of Transubstantiation with its delicate distinctions between "accidents" and "substance," I could remember the words of (was it?) Queen Elizabeth:

> It was the Lord who spake it,
> He blessed the bread and brake it,
> And what those words did make it,
> That I believe, and take it.

Still today that Church remains the only one for me. As the years have passed, I have become less regular in my attendance. Today, I can find the sense of union with God beneath the trees of the forest or on the edges of the sea or even, quite suddenly, a flash of His nearness will come to me in the midst of a crowded city street. I know that to the soul who is willing to listen, He comes suddenly and unannounced.

I may be willing to listen tolerantly to those who find the Episcopal rector anemic and the Episcopal bishop worldly. But, for the English Church, the traditional hierarchy is, after all, relatively to the Roman Church, unimportant. They have, too, the saving virtue of leaving you alone. And the English prayer-book remains. The communion service sends its searching mystical meaning to all the people, in the words of our own mother tongue. No Roman tradition is longer or finer than that which unites us in common joy before the altar at a wedding or in common sorrow about the open grave.

Clean, then, of the accretions of alien practices, I remain a Catholic, though I have ceased to be a Romanist.

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The World in 1939

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS

"I HAVE been asked what I think the world will be like ten years hence," wrote the Right Honorable J. Ramsay MacDonald the other day, just after he had taken office as Britain's new Prime Minister. He then proceeded, at considerable length, to dodge the question; the article elicited from him on this occasion was a masterpiece of hedging.

Instead of giving an answer, he propounded, in his turn, three questions, saying in effect to his readers: If you can reply to these, you will have a picture of the world a decade from now. The three questions may be boiled down to this:

1. Which will win out—social materialism or the self-determination of the individual?

2. Will the Great Powers continue to run the world to suit themselves or will the small nations succeed in asserting themselves so strongly that the Great Powers can no longer ride over them rough-shod?

3. Will Democracy be shattered because of Europe's failure to come to friendly terms with the Orient?

Everybody knows the dangers of prophecy. Yet one cannot help wondering why, in view of the time-limit allowed by those who questioned him, the Right Honorable Mr. MacDonald was not a bit less cautious in his statements.

Take question No 1. We all know that the battle between standardization and individualism is bound to be waged, in some form or other, as long as the human race exists. We all know that it is bound to have its ups and downs, its partial triumphs for both sides. Yet—in answering the question of what the world will look like ten years from now—why such caution as that shown by Premier MacDonald? Is it conceivable that, with Mr. Henry Ford where he is, with "standardization" intrenched as it is, there will be such an upheaval, within the next decade, that the individual will trample, triumphant, on the smoking ruins of the Ford plant in Detroit, proclaiming to the world that he is greater than all forms of pooling of interests, greater than all forms of amalgamation? In fifty years he might do it; in a century—who would dare say that it would lie beyond his powers? But in ten years! If individualism, in 1939, after the rude setbacks it has received, is able to stand, like a Saint George, over the prostrate form of the Dragon of social materialism, it will simply mean that the only truth in this world to be taken seriously is "Never expect anything but the unexpected!"

WHAT ABOUT question No. 2? If the small nations of the world, in the next ten years, succeed in asserting themselves, to such an unprecedented extent that they force the Great Powers to kow-tow to their wishes, it will be such a reversal of what has happened during previous decades as to justify all race-track wiseacres in backing henceforth only hundred-to-one shots!

Take, first, the small nations of Europe. Mr. MacDonald, in writing as he did, considered them primarily as members of the League of Nations.

"What," he asked, "will the League of Nations be like in 1940? It all depends upon the moral and political power which the smaller States of Europe are to acquire in the interval. If they can make themselves really felt at Geneva, there is no reason why, within the next ten years, we should not have something corresponding to a United States of Europe."

Well, the United States of Europe would be an extraordinarily advantageous thing for Europe to possess, in view of the existence, across the Atlantic, of the United States of America. But how in the name of all political "past performances" can Europe form such a combination of her warring component parts within the next ten years? The chances are ten to one that the history of the League of Nations will continue, during that period, to be substantially what it has been so far. In the Concert of Nations, the Great Powers, standing in the center of the international orchestra, will raise the baton and tap for attention, and the little nations will poise violin-bows over violins, place clarinets and bassoons to lips, lift sticks over kettledrums, and, with slavish eye, await their signal.

Or—if this prophecy seems too cut-and-dried—who, among us, has the courage to make another? Who can visualize Czecho-slovakia bearding France? Austria running counter alike to Downing Street and Quai D'Orsay and Wilhelmstrasse? Few prophets can muster audacity enough for that! Really now, Mr. MacDonald, there was not reason enough for playing quite so safe!

In considering the question of great and small nations, Mr. MacDonald did not confine himself entirely to the Old World. He also considered the question of the relations, during the next decade, of the United States and the rest of the nations of the American continent. He wrote: "An important factor in Europe will be the growth of the financial power of America, which will be considerable, and may be influenced by whatever success the United States may meet in forming a Pan-American federation—not in name but in understanding. . . . As the South American States grow in self-consciousness and prosperity, they may also be unwilling partners to any agreement as full as the United States would like. But it will be hard to resist the United States propaganda and capital."

"IT WILL BE hard to resist the United States propaganda and capital." Correct! Perhaps in A. D. 2039, Argentina, backed by Mexico, will dictate the policy of Washington. But how about A. D. 1939?

The third question is rather more complicated. Yet, here too, Mr. MacDonald might have been a bit less cautious. That East and West are moving away from each other seems plain enough; that the Eastern nations may soon present a "block" against Western aggression such as may usher in an entirely new era in the relations between Occident and Orient has occurred even to the most conservative observer. Half a century from now historians may marvel at the relative positions, in 1929, of Asia and Europe. Half a century from now—twenty-five years from now—Occidental failure to understand the New Orient may have destroyed Occidental democracy and Occidental supremacy as well. But—ten years from now?

Or—has the world come to such a pass that ten short years can enthrone the individual over the many, the little over the big, the yellow man over the white?

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It's the People We Meet

By EDGAR W. KNIGHT

The proximity of the summer session makes timely this spirited and entertaining defense of the summer school. The author, who knows whereof he speaks, says: "It is probably the most effective institution in American education for putting provincialism and narrowness of view to rout." Mr. Knight teaches at the University of North Carolina

THOSE who charge that the summer school lacks discipline have never enrolled in one. From arrival to departure the student is subjected to drill magnificent. He cannot psychologize, or philosophize, or dance, or swim, work in metal, or model in clay, except under rigid discipline. In the period of registration alone he can get more training than a whole hibernal semester provides. He may have had courses in the most abtruse mathematics, chased through all their modes and tenses all the liquid and mute verbs of the entire Attic dialect, and learned to write paratactic and hypotactic sentences backwards. But he has encountered no real discipline until he registers in one of the large summer sessions. There the disciplinary theory flourishes vigorously.

From beginning to end he is to be found in line of duty. He stands in line to get a card which, when properly filled out and attested, entitles him to another which, when fully executed, allows him to light his little taper at the torches of knowledge. He stands in line to pay his fees, to buy his texts at the book store, to get his meals, to get a locker in the gymnasium or reference books in the library, to engage a tennis court, to consult the professors during their office hours, and to bid them adieu at the end of the term. Finally, he stands in line to purchase his railway ticket and to check his trunk home.

Follow this registrant also in the routine of six feverish weeks, say on Morningside Heights. See him five times a week cover the distance from the top floor of a building on the corner of Broadway and 116th street to the corresponding position in Lincoln School in 123rd street off Amsterdam Avenue, in the ten minutes between gongs. See how seldom he takes the count, no matter what the weather, or how few absences or even tardies are chalked up against him. It would be difficult to point to any other type of school anywhere that strengthens in such a short time more of the natural, cardinal, or Christian virtues, or builds up more character than such a system as this. Columbia University develops in a summer session of six weeks more noble ambitions, powers of endurance, patience, prudence, and fortitude, and more faith, hope, and charity than it promotes in both semesters.

Its summer session makes also for more liveliness. Under its requirements the pokiest provincial that ever came out of the sleepy ol' South into the hustlin', bustlin' No'th becomes alert and agile. By no other educational plan can he gain so promptly and permanently such a sense of time and of direction or acquire such skill in dodging traffic. By the time he has served one summer term in the shades of Russell Hall he can do the shuttle at Times Square with utmost ease and can find his way about the city with the nonchalance of a Scarface Al Capone in the Loop or a bootlegger in the Bronx. If Grover Whalen should require all adult New Yorkers to register just once at the Columbia summer session the traffic congestion of the city would be instantly relieved, and he could lay off half the police force.

FALSE ALSO is the report that those who attend it look upon summer school as a glorious holiday. Recently I taught in one of the large summer schools and had some opportunity to study the behavior of its students. The principal work assigned me was a course which had for its alleged purpose the tracing of educational thought and practice wherever these had left any signs. The head of the department suggested when he hired me that I should begin with the early Middle Ages and by the middle of August have the class drawn up at the middle of the Eighteenth Century. But I could not begin to trace until after July 4, because that national holiday makes the Columbia summer school a movable feast, and everything is adjourned for its celebration. Souls may pour in by the thousands from Alabama and Iowa and the islands of the sea, but they are allowed to flow around Morningside until *devoirs* have been fittingly paid to patriotism and Long Beach. Then everybody settles down to the endurance test.

A young instructor in the department was ordered to begin tracing culture from about 300 B. C. and to bring his class down to the century in which I began tracing with mine. The head of the department was to start where I left off, do the last half of the Eighteenth Century, all of the Nineteenth, and chase civilization through to the Kansas City Convention. This division of labor was not altogether equitable, the time element considered. The head man got off with less than two centuries, the instructor drew not more than seven or eight, while I, a visiting professor to whom the courtesies of the place should have been shown, was expected to do in six weeks considerably more than a millennium.

WHEN I PROTESTED, it was explained that in several of the centuries allocated my courses, there was little educational thought worth considering and less actual practice, and that there was no good reason why I should not move through these rapidly and even comfortably. So I quit fretting over any trifling injustices that such an arrangement of work at first seemed to indicate, and determined dutifully to do as I was told.

We got off to a good start the first Monday that followed the Fourth. After the usual announcements I informed the class that the history of education was interesting to some people and that part of it was true. And no one attacked my position. Then I explained the scope and method of the course, said something about what the members of the class were expected to do and what they could reasonably expect of me, pointed to the dangers of overwork, and asked them not to scrouge one another in entering or leaving the room and to keep to the right in moving from one place to another, I exhorted a bit about study and knowledge for their own sakes, deplored interest in credits only, and came out strong in favor of co-operation. During the remainder of that initial hour I trespassed upon a couple of the centuries which had been assigned to the course of the

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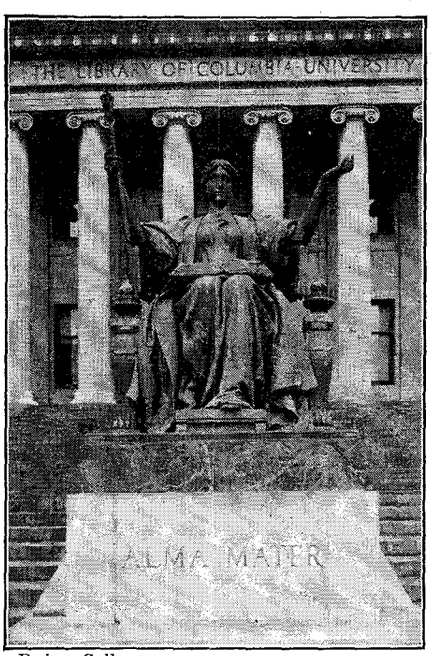
young instructor. He was a trifle philosophic and monastic in movement and I feared that he might get delayed by Plato and Aristotle and their differences and would not be able to make Augustine on schedule time. I adored the confessions of this old saint and eagerly seized upon this apprehension to give the class the low-down on his reputed place in the history of education.

No vacation mood marked the manner of that class. They meant business. They did most of the early Christian fathers, examined the monks and their monasteries, and looked upon the seven liberal arts and the seven perfections of the Middle Ages and called them good. They visited with Alcuin and Charlemagne and approved their educational arrangements for Frankland but criticized their chirography. They inspected chivalry and recommended its use by New York taxi drivers and on the subway and elevated trains during the rush hours. They saw the medieval universities and listened to the arguments of the scholastics upon the vital question whether one must know before he can believe or believe before he can know that most that he hears or reads, in summer session or out of it, is not true.

They learned that Petrarch had a weakness for beauty, Boccaccio for smutty stories, Niccolo Niccoli for fancy copying, and Cosimo de' Medici for public libraries; and they concluded that Arkansas school grounds should be beautified, that Longfellow is more chaste and safer by far than Whitman for use in the grades, that many teachers should improve their handwriting, and that libraries should be established wherever they are needed. They marveled at the learning of the Saracens, asked some impertinent questions about Luther, examined the methods of the Jesuits, saw heretics put out of their misery, and heard Galileo beg papal pardon and, as he crossed his fingers, say he was sorry. They went fox-hunting with picturesque if not pious clergymen in Virginia and pitied the frost-bitten angels who hunted witches in New England.

That summer the members of Education s306X drank from the running stream and not the stagnant pool. Only once did they slow down. They desired to linger when we met the flaming youths of Abelard and the abbess of the Paraclete. But when August 16 arrived I met it triumphantly in the middle of the Eighteenth Century with a clear conscience and a hundred scholars who had not impressed me as picknickers. They had worked and they had worked me, and I recommended them as duly prepared for the next course in the subject, that given by the head of the department, with all its rights and privileges. Moreover, I redeemed fully my pledge to co-operate with them in meeting their need for credit toward academic degrees or the certificates that their sovereign State departments of education required of them as teachers. My belief was confirmed that the summer school student labors and is, therefore, worthy of his points.

Another indictment is that the summer school is chiefly inspirational rather than informational, its work vague, and that its professors have fallen into their anecdotage. True, it is a lineal descendant of the Chautauqua which issued from the Sunday school and the camp meeting. But the summer school can trace its ancestry also to Louis Agassiz, the famous naturalist, who, five years before Vincent put Chautauqua Lake on the map of New York, conducted a summer laboratory at Buz-



Ewing Galloway

zards Bay, in Massachusetts, and later provided for courses in natural history, which were given by the seaside in Nantucket in the summer months.

Few if any of the first-class summer schools, however, are today conducted on the Chautauqua or Sunday school model. Probably few if any are as scholarly throughout as was the school conducted by Agassiz. That provided opportunity for scientific specialization and appealed to a limited number of students. But all of the reputable summer schools are generally open to any and all students who think they can profit by the programs, and these are now richer and better organized and co-ordinated than ever. The teaching staffs now number more first-rate professors who look with less disdain upon summer teaching and have less fear of losing caste by engaging in it. More generous recognition is now given for summer courses in fulfillment of requirements for degrees. Also, the summer school is free from the traditions which hang heavily upon the regular academic periods: it knows no demoralizing holidays and inter-collegiate sports. Its students, moreover, are more mature and more definite in purposes. The summer school serves also to prevent some of the unconscionable waste of the long vacation period which many people have not been trained to use independently and with profit.

Yet, the summer school is still marked by emotional excitement, tenseness and the glow of contact with people from many places, and it shows other traces of its ancestry. But these are the conditions that electrify the summer school atmosphere in which deep impressions and high resolves are made. For many men and women the summer school is the means of a new birth. They take their courses with apostolic fervor, as if they were going to prayers. Neither congested conditions, nor administrative standardization, nor the methods of mass instruction, nor high temperatures can dull their sense of opportunity, nor separate them from the eagerness to find recreational and intellectual gratification. The contagion of their example spreads widely. Few of the students are passively receptive and flaccid. Most of them are avid and compelling.

Compared with students in the regular terms, summer school students are also more richly endowed with capacity for surprises. They are eager for information. They take all the courses the law usually allows and beg, tease, intimidate, or bribe deans or directors for permission to take others. They do willingly and faithfully all that they are asked to do, and sometimes more. They read ahead of the class in which they meet with fiendish regularity. They ask for books at the library that not even the librarian can find. In class they bombard the instructor with

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questions that throw him off his single track, and in his office they consult and pump him until his tongue hangs out from sheer exhaustion. And among themselves they discuss their work constantly, while they go to and from classes, in corridors, on street corners, in ice cream parlors and cafeterias, in subways, and even at the movies. They behave with astonishing literalness. Their work and their pleasure are alike teleological. Whether the excursion is into archæology or astronomy, pottery or psychopathology, sociology or story telling, to Sleepy Hollow, Poe Cottage, Chinatown, or to a bench in the park or on the Drive, it must provide authentic if sometimes fleeting satisfactions.

The professor who has found no real joy in teaching and has doubted his standing as a scholar or lecturer of parts should hire out for at least one of the sizable schools conducted in the good old summer time. The experience will provide him with keener satisfactions and more wholesome fun than he has known in his entire didactic career. His classes will be ungraded and heterogeneous, of course, and of bewildering ages and types, from most of the American States. They will contain many superior students. They will include also the lounge lizard who flunked a course in some academic winter resort in the East and who is under agreement with the old man and himself to work in earnest for six weeks. Beside him will be a grandmother from the West all aflutter in her desire for knowledge. In the next row will sit an over-societied woman whose age is disguised by vivacity and rouge but who is temporarily bent upon uplift, perhaps under the auspices of her sorority and among the poor whites in the Tennessee or Kentucky mountains. Near her sits the bald dean of a denominational college in Ohio who is completing his collection of "points" for the master's degree which his trustees need for catalogue purposes. Sprinkled here and there among scores of elementary, high school, normal school, and college teachers will be a few brothers and sisters in black, principally from the South, reveling in their golden opportunity. And there are also the auditors or listeners who have smuggled themselves in or have been admitted by flattering the professor, and whose minds are open because they have not heard his lectures or read the assignments. But, notwithstanding the conglomeration, the professor will learn that the typical summer school classes are very serious and strong in will to seek, whether they find or not.

Ewing Galloway

Men's dormitories and South Field, Columbia University

Above all he will notice that they are more eager and appreciative than his students in regular term time. They will sit as close to his feet as possible. If he is not too forbidding they will besiege him with questions before and after the lecture. And during his discourse their hands will go up, as their souls rise to higher levels, and he will be importuned to repeat slowly a noble thought which some of them will record in note-books. The same radiant pearl scattered in winter or spring semester will leave impious juniors or seniors unmoved on the back row; or, if touched at all, they will indulge in such vulgar ejaculations as "Hot dog!" "Atta boy!" He will find it inspiring to teach summer school students and supernal to hear their applause at the end of the concluding lecture. He does not or should not question whether it is in praise for himself or in thanksgiving that the session is about to close. But it will make him feel good. Every professor should try summer teaching, although it would doubtless become a trifle disquieting to his nerves if indulged in immoderately.

In the presence of the facts the accusers must blush, because their indictments fail. The reports against this democratic institution are the weak inventions of snobs and the reporters should be had up. Flat also falls the charge that the summer school is the baleful source of physical and nervous exhaustion for the students and of damage to the integrity of those who teach in it, for the fact remains that few students break under the strain of summer study and few professors have their researches disastrously interrupted by summer teaching. True, in most of the States better salaries are paid teachers who hold the higher teaching certificates and these may be had by additional study which teachers can pursue most conveniently in the summer. It is true also that, while wages for summer teaching are not large, they do help to keep away the wolf that often prowls around the professor's door. But summer school students are not the credit hounds they have been called, and avarice must be dismissed as the motive for summer teaching.

Registrations at summer school annually increase in large part because it is probably the most effective institution in American education for putting provincialism and narrowness of view to rout. "Your profession does a lot of good in the world," said the prosperous looking traveler in the dining car, to his neighbor across the table for two, after each had revealed his identity to the other. "Those in your profession must make a lot of money," quickly responded the college president. "Ah well," said the bootlegger, "it isn't the money we make that counts. It's the people we meet."

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The Trend of Events

Odyssey of Art Schreiber

TEN MINUTES AFTER the Yellow Bird, its tail drooping dangerously, lifted from the beach at Old Orchard, there emerged stowaway Arthur Schreiber, parlor polylinguist, amateur Thespian, Portland youth-about-town, and 140 pounds of perilously surplus weight. When the Leviathan docked in New York some twelve days later, Schreiber emerged from the third class. He had paid his own passage home.

Arthur was in good form when the Yellow Bird sought land in Spain. Only a few moments of timidity; then he was waving his American flag, referring to himself and the French fliers as "we," and informing all comers that he was in it for what he could get out of it. With pictures of vaudeville engagements, of fat bids for newspaper and magazine articles, of fame à l'Americain with all the trimmings, dancing before his eyes, he crowded into the limelight, took his bows, and refused to write his full name for autograph-seekers, lest he sign some too-puny contract unaware.

How does it happen, then, that the stowaway left France a sober, rather chastened, and repentant youth? He has acknowledged his foolhardiness; he has shown himself appreciative of the generous treatment he received from the French fliers both during the flight and after landing. He has a small contract for his story and has agreed to divide his earnings with Lefevre and Assolant.

Somehow he was made to understand that his swagger and bluster were out of place. Somehow it penetrated even his cocksureness that his reception in Paris was a "succès faux," a mock triumph. He appears to have received no open rebuke. It was something more deadly to the ego—French ridicule.

So everything has turned out reasonably well. It is ironic, though, that the Yellow Bird should have been hindered in its cherished project of following Lindbergh's path and achieving the ill-fated ambition of Nungesser and Coli, that young Arthur Schreiber of Portland might have his first tilt with subtlety.

Toward Disarmament

THE RECENT LONDON ADDRESS of Ambassador Dawes on naval disarmament unquestionably disappointed many Englishmen and Americans who had been eagerly awaiting it. The speech did, however, represent an advance, though a slight one, in British-American disarmament negotiations. In the first place, it recognized that agreement cannot be expected from a disarmament conference dominated by naval experts; moreover, it suggested a course by which the negotiations might progress much further.

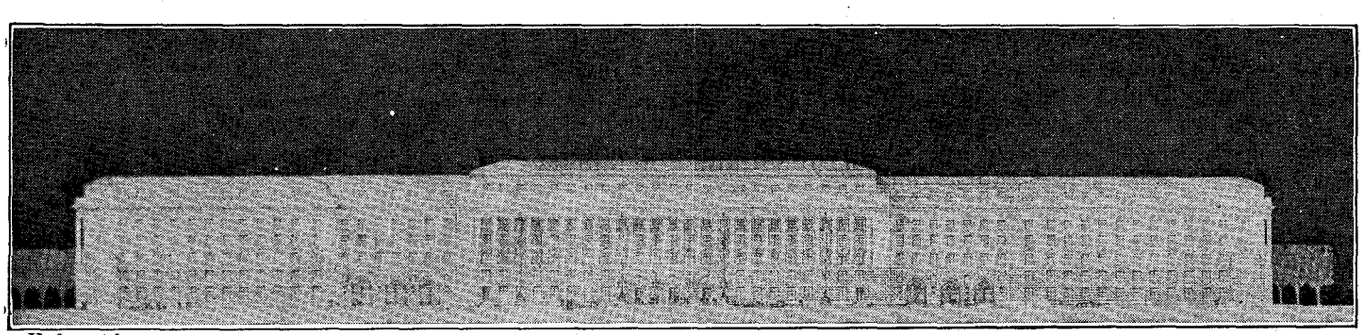
If this course is followed, the naval experts of each of the interested nations, taking into consideration tonnage, speed, size of guns, and so on, will work out a scale to be used in measuring values of fighting-ships. Leaving the experts at home, statesmen of each country will take this yardstick with them to an international conference, at which a compromise yardstick will be formulated by a process of give and take. With this in hand, they will go about the task of measuring navies and drawing up a treaty for their proportionate reduction. Obviously there will be opportunities for endless disagreements and delays both in fashioning the original yardsticks and in selecting pieces of each to make the compromise measuring device.

Such opportunities will be avoided if the principal naval powers, the United States, Great Britain and Japan, are as eager for disarmament as they assert. The yardsticks they make will be approximate, rather than exact, and fair rather than nationalistic in design; fashioning the compromise yardstick, they will show eagerness to agree rather than eagerness to haggle over minute details. They will realize that no method of arms reduction will be fully satisfactory to all concerned.

The successful Washington Conference of 1921 showed what can be accomplished when the wish to disarm is strong; the unsuccessful Geneva Conference of two years ago illustrated what happens when the wish is feeble. The hopeful thing just now is that the British and American Governments, which are primarily concerned, seem genuinely willing to tackle the disarmament problem and settle it.

The Border Battlefield

THE FLASH AND RATTLE of gunfire attending attempts at prohibition enforcement have been making sensational demands on public attention. Heaviest along the Canadian border, particularly along the Detroit River, the firing extends to States as far away as Georgia and Arkansas. Northern New York has been discussing the killing of a young bootlegger outside the town of Mooers. Minnesota, distressed by the killing of Henry Virkula and by the "vicious and unlawful" conduct of dry agents, has been extracting what comfort it can from the President's assurance that the Government does not in-



Underwood

WORLD'S LARGEST OFFICE BUILDING
Home of the Department of Commerce now being erected in Washington

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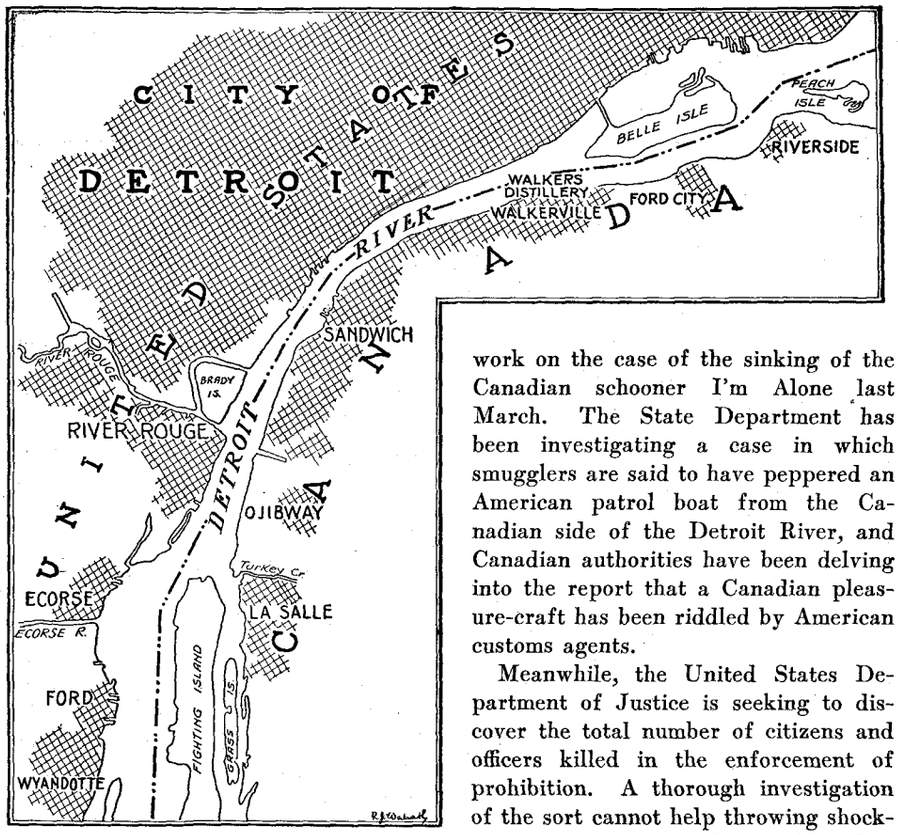

NORTHERN FRONT

Center of the Government drive on rum runners. The river is about a mile wide and the national boundary runs through its middle

tend to transgress the limits of the law and that the matter has been referred to the Treasury Department for action, that is, to the Department whose agents are charged with vicious conduct.

From the White House also issues a statement deploring "the killing of any person" but urging the bullet-dodging border communities to co-operate in the Government's drive on rum-runners. On the Detroit River that drive has checked the incoming flood of Canadian liquor, which, however, may have grown in volume at other points. But, together with the sharp offensive of the rum-runners, it has had other consequences. Following the recent killing of a bootlegger, one customs patrolman has resigned, refusing "to be a party to the promiscuous shooting going on in the Detroit River." Moreover, the Detroit City Council protests to Washington against "promiscuous shooting on the River which causes operators of pleasure craft to be in constant fear for their lives."

The campaign at Detroit may find itself gravely tangled in international issues, even before the Canadian-American arbitrators have got down to work on the case of the sinking of the Canadian schooner I'm Alone last March. The State Department has been investigating a case in which smugglers are said to have peppered an American patrol boat from the Canadian side of the Detroit River, and Canadian authorities have been delving into the report that a Canadian pleasure-craft has been riddled by American customs agents.

Meanwhile, the United States Department of Justice is seeking to discover the total number of citizens and officers killed in the enforcement of prohibition. A thorough investigation of the sort cannot help throwing shocking light on by-products of a law insufficiently sanctioned by public opinion.

▸▸*Living Well*

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick lately reminded Pratt Institute and Boston University graduating classes that the world's best work is done for fun, not money. President William Mather Lewis of Lafayette College told another class that "We are the most resourceful people in the world in the matter of making money and among the most ignorant in the matter of spending it."

Near-alumni, their fingers itching for the diplomas that would end their listening, and start their money-earning days, may have taken all this with a shaker of salt. Give them a chance to work hard and make a fortune, they may have reflected, and they would have their fun spending it, and spending it well. Nevertheless, they might have profited from listening closely.

If something does not ail American leisure, how is it that the usually-bracing Commencement air has been full of the spirit of "Let us relax"? Does adult America feel that its generation has missed the good life, that it offers tips on how to live, not "successfully," but well? President James L. McConaughy of Wesleyan University told his seniors not to be afraid of being queer. The world, he said, always has been saved by madmen. Raymond B. Fosdick of New York sent Smith College graduates away with an "ideal of the adventurous life, life that is eager and unafraid," which he called the only prescription for the dullness of standardized existence.

Across the sea comes an echoing word from Clarence Darrow. Mr. Darrow is in Paris, trying to be inefficient, with, he confesses, a modicum of success. Speaking before the American Club there he voiced regret that in America we are learning, not how to live, but merely how to make things and sell them to somebody who is not making them. "After we get plenty of business efficiency in America," he said, "I hope there will be a crusade to go back to the doctrines of our fathers on the right of every human being to regulate his own life as he sees fit."

▸▸*Unstandardized Towns*

In his Smith College address, Raymond Fosdick spoke of "Middletown," a recently-published, scientific survey of life in an American community of 38,000 inhabitants, typifying nearly 150 communities of the same size. Its citizens, investigators found, are vastly more comfortable, leisured, and prosperous than their parents were. Yet they read hardly at all, have little independence of thought or action, and, in spite of their mechanical improvements, are dull and not particularly happy. It is, as Mr. Fosdick said, a disconcerting picture.

Yet, despite the justice of "Middletown," as well as the shrewdness of "Main Street," there are still towns and cities which preserve some individuality, which refuse to become exactly like their neighbors. Sometimes their peculiarities are a bit dubious; even so, it is more pleasant to see them eccentric than to see them standardized.

We intend to comment on such communities, whenever they make themselves noteworthy, whether it be a Shelby, Montana, which, single-handed, stages a championship prize-fight, or a Newburyport, Massachusetts, which only after bitter struggles permits a filling station to mar one of its finest streets. Therefore, let us not overlook Bloomfield, Nebraska, which, in the teeth of the wave of installment buying, calmly announces itself to be on a strictly cash basis. Cash-and-Carry

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Bloomfield—whether it is butcher, piano dealer, or physician and surgeon, you pay as you leave.

Then there is Bristol, Rhode Island, which is in a flurry of preparation for its annual old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration. On this day of the 365, Bristol breaks loose with a yell, and visitors come from miles around to marvel. Celebrities speak, townspeople parade, the Navy provides a battleship; bonfires burn, firecrackers crack, and patriotism runs mountain high.

Last, there is Plainville, Massachusetts, where nearly everything except church attendance is prohibited on Sunday. Plainville has just outlawed Sunday tennis; it is frowning at Sunday grass-cutting, golf, and dish-washing. Sunday motoring persists, but one can never tell. Plainville is on the Boston Post Road and citizens have been heard to remark that auto horns make "a disturbin' lot o' racket."

▶▶Ziegfeld in Hollywood

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, father of the revue, disowns his child. He believes, he says, that the theatre-going public does not want revues any more. Since his announcement comes simultaneously with the news that he has joined hands with Samuel Goldwyn to produce musical shows for the sound films, it may be interpreted to mean that he really believes a far larger public wants musical talkies very much indeed.

Though many such mergers have been forecast, this is the first actual alliance between stage and film production groups since the talkies found their voice; until now, stage producers have been content to sell film rights to their successes and let it go at that. It promises much for the immediate large-scale development of cinema musical entertainment that books, lyrics, and music are to be written especially for the screen and that experiments in color and three-dimensional effects are to be made in the first Ziegfeld-Goldwyn venture.

As the musical talkie takes possession of motion picture theatres, is the stage revue to go down the chute? Is the American girl no longer to be glorified in person? Presumably the average song-and-dance revue would not do for the films, which seem to require some continuity and plot. If, as many predict, and as many doubt, the talkies of the future will sweep all entertainment before them, possibly the "Follies," "Vanities," "Scandals," and their like will join the dodo and the bustle in oblivion.

▶▶Congress Calls It a Day

ADMINISTRATION SPOKESMEN profess to rejoice at the pre-recess work of the special session of Congress. President Hoover obtained the kind of farm relief measure he asked for, though even he concedes that Government aid to agriculture on a large scale is an "experiment." Nevertheless, the Agricultural Marketing Bill—its official title—marks the first comprehensive move-

Wide World

FOLLIES TO TALKIES

Florenz Ziegfeld will produce musical shows in audible films

ment to check farm depression since the World War.

The measure provides for the strengthening of co-operative associations and authorizes them to set up stabilization corporations for selling and purchasing farm commodities. The sum of $500,000,000 will be placed at the disposal of the Farm Board which will administer the act, and an appropriation of $151,500,000 has been made to stay the tumbling price of wheat. The Board itself will not participate in actual operations; the corporations to be created by it or by the co-operatives will be business enterprises responsible for profits and losses. The success of this system may depend largely on the ability of the Board's membership.

The tariff bill adopted by the House apparently goes far beyond the "limited" revision suggested by the President. The proposed duties on numerous manufactures are the highest in history. Western Progressives have banded together in an effort to provide further protection to agricultural products in the Senate bill, and to lower the House rates on such commodities as sugar, shoes, building materials, and other things the farmer buys. The farm bloc in both House and Senate also will seek to insert the defeated debenture provision in the tariff bill with the argument that, if industry is to be safeguarded with such high rates, comparable kindness must be shown to the farmer.

Meanwhile, the Senate Finance Committee, notably partial to skyscraper duties, is sitting during the recess. There is every expectation that it will raise the "ante" of the House.

▶▶Other Business

THE FIRST HALF of the special session also saw the passage of a census and reapportionment measure. After nine years of delay, Congress finally discharged the constitutional mandate of reallocating House seats in accordance with changes in population. Some 13,000,000 individuals who have been without representation will enjoy it after the 1930 census. The counting of noses will begin next May, and will be more comprehensive than ever before. The bill, for the first time, authorized a canvass of unemployment and "distribution" of goods.

The Senate modified its 140-year-old secrecy rule for executive sessions, although it did not throw away the keys to its doors. Hereafter, it will meet in open session to consider nominations and treaties except when a majority decides otherwise. Formerly, it required a two-thirds vote to admit the press and public. The injunction of secrecy on debate as well as roll calls may be raised at the will of a majority. With or without a majority, any Senator is privileged to tell how he voted; hitherto this had been ground for expulsion. Senator Norris's demand for complete and automatic publicity, including publication of every roll call in the "Congressional Record," was defeated.

The Senate refused to accept the President's request for repeal of the national-origins immigration system, effective on July 1. Another attempt at repeal may be made when Congress resumes. Both bodies failed to act on

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the President's suggestion that they create a committee to study ways and means of improving prohibition enforcement by reorganization of certain Government bureaus.

Legislators took the view that the White House sought to shift the burden for any changes onto the legislative branch, whereas, in their opinion, it is for the President to submit definite recommendations of his own. There may be action on this proposal when Congress reconvenes.

▸▸*Lady of the House*

Mrs. Ruth Baker Pratt, first woman Representative from New York State, was wealthy in her own right. The appraisal of a nine-million-dollar bequest from her husband, the late John Teele Pratt, now shows her to be one of the richest members of Congress, which is saying a good deal. She is also one of the most alert and active members, which is saying a good deal less.

At ten minutes to eight, she breakfasts; she is in her office at half past nine sharp. Her seat in the House is rarely unoccupied. She appears on the floor wearing white crepe de chine over blouses and tailored suits. She pays bright attention to the interminable debates. She loves Congress and intends to stay there.

Her old house in Georgetown, Washington's oldest section, is serene and spacious. She also has a home in New York City and another at Glen Cove, Long Island. She is a deft and heartening hostess. The rawest, reddest politician breathes easily in her living-room. She likes tennis and bridge and, she delights to announce, poker. She detests being called "Congresswoman."

She is a Wellesley graduate. Conscious of her youthful appearance, she enjoys boasting about her five children and three grandchildren. Secure in her own exceeding femininity, she protests that no distinction should be made between men and women in public life.

In 1925, she became the first woman member of the New York City Board of Aldermen. Though she ran in a Republican district, she defeated a popular Democratic leader. Once elected, she kept a shrewd eye on the city's budget, asking many an embarrassing "Why?" Her four-year term was enlivened by set-to's with Mayor Walker, who made a point of closing arguments by declaring her charming. People write to her and ask her for money. One woman wanted thirty dollars to pay the rent. She got it. When she called to express thanks, it turned out that she had been a Democrat but wouldn't be any longer. Amused to learn the modest price put on party allegiance, Mrs. Pratt listened while the fervid proselyte dispensed well meant, though inaccurate, tips, all about what Tammany was up to.

Paradoxically, this politician of the new is a politician of the old school. She exalts party policies, regularity, organization. Yet she has shown independence. In the recent session of

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"SWEET RUTH"
Ruth Baker Pratt, member of Congress from New York

Congress she won her nick-name, "Sweet Ruth," by opposing the increased tariff on sugar. However, when the Republican majority overrode her protest, she bowed to organization will and, despite the scolding of the Democratic floor leader, voted for the Hawley tariff bill, sugar rates and all.

▸▸*Summer Politics*

Democratic leaders have been claiming "a moral victory" in the three-cornered Minneapolis bye-election, wherein the Republican candidate defeated his Democratic opponent by a plurality of 3500. Last November the district went Republican by 50,000. The question is whether the election reflected sentiment in the farm belt on the defeat of the debenture plan and the passage of the House tariff bill.

Neither Republican nor Democratic leaders are commenting officially on the South's reaction to the presence of Mrs. Oscar de Priest, wife of the Negro Representative from Chicago, at one of the White House teas given to wives of Congressmen. Nevertheless, politicians are attentively noting such developments as the resolution of the Florida House against "entertaining Negroes in the White House on a parity with white ladies." Religious prejudice helped to melt down the Solid South. Will racial prejudice help to resolidify it?

The subject gains special attention by arising at a time when anti-Smith Democrats of Virginia, generaled by Bishop Cannon, have nominated a candidate for Governor and prepared to co-operate with revoltees in other Southern States in perpetuating the breach of last year. The Roanoke anti-Smith convention recognized possible effects of the White House tea when it recorded itself against social relations between whites and Negroes, though it granted that "purely official relations must be maintained."

Enjoying the activities of his political flock, Bishop Cannon has been extremely annoyed by the contemporaneous publication in "secular newspapers" of his extensive stock transactions with an alleged bucketshop. He not only states that he considered the firm reputable; he finds a direct connection between the publicity and his political activities.

Whatever else prompted publication, one reason may be that the public is interested in anything pertaining to a man with Bishop Cannon's influence on voters and legislators. It is interested to learn that the Bishop found time, despite his manifold duties, to keep an eye cocked on the stock market, and was not prevented therefrom by scruples of conscience. Finally, it is both interested and surprised to learn that he may have allowed himself to be caught napping when he did business with a firm now under fire. Certainly the Bishop would not hitherto have been suspected of lacking shrewdness.

▸▸*Adopting the Young Plan*

Strictly speaking, the Young reparations plan was merely a recommendation for a settlement, made at the request of the interested Governments, which can adopt or reject it at will. In all probability, they will adopt it. Otherwise, they would have to under-

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take the framing of a new plan, with no assurance of getting one more satisfactory. Yet its adoption may not be accomplished without difficulty. Tact must be exercised by political leaders, who have instructed their publics in theories which must be partly or wholly repudiated.

Having led public opinion to believe that France would never ratify its debt agreements with the United States and Great Britain and would never withdraw its armies from the Rhine prior to the time set by the Versailles Treaty before being assured of German reparations payments, Premier Poincaré is now asking authorization to do both. The French doubtless would prefer Germany to adopt the plan first, but Germany refuses to do so unless assured of a clear understanding with France regarding the Rhineland and other political issues. The situation has been much discussed by Premier Poincaré and Dr. Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister. They are in accord. Their task is to make their countrymen see eye to eye with them.

The United States is not officially concerned with the international conference to be held, perhaps early in July, at which the plan will be made the subject of a treaty among the interested nations. Not explicitly involved in it, the United States apparently will not have to ratify the plan, but Congress will be asked to approve reduction of sums owed us by Germany on account of the costs of the army of occupation. The vote in Congress on the resolution postponing from August 1, 1929, to May 1, 1930, the payment of France's debt of $400,000,000 for war supplies—so that this may be merged into the Mellon-Berenger agreement settling the whole French debt to this country—may foreshadow a favorable vote upon the reduction of Germany's debt to America.

▸▸*Brooklyn's Bull-Fighter*

"Viva el Americano!" has lately resounded through the principal bull-fighting arena in Seville. A matador from Brooklyn—that in itself is enough to cause a sensation. Moreover, this is a particularly efficient and popular matador.

Sidney Franklin, said to have travelled from Brooklyn to Mexico to study Mayan history, remained to master the art of the capa and muleta. Enthusiastic over Spain's national sport, he hopes to introduce it to America. Could bull-fighting lure recruits from devotees of baseball, football, and boxing? Mr. Franklin thinks it might.

Generally speaking, the taste for sports, like the taste for food and drink, depends largely on nationality. The Englishman, born to tepid drinks and cricket matches, is equally unenthusiastic over our frosty lemonades and our Home Run King. It might be supposed that the American palate, rather pale for Spanish seasoning, would find bull-fighting a bit too strong. Yet travel is fostering international exchange of ideas in pastimes as in other matters; it is notable that many American tourists attend Spanish bull-fights and that some become fans. It is notable, also, that there has been a movement, led by the Queen of Spain, to revise bull-fight regulations to protect the horses.

Wide World

BROOKLYN MATADOR

Sidney Franklin, of the U.S.A., is doing high deeds in Spanish bull-rings

▸▸*In Chicago*

While Boston police, with characteristic obtuseness, bar "Scribners' Magazine" for publishing Ernest Hemingway's novel, "A Farewell to Arms," Chicago police pounce on the "talkie" version of "The Trial of Mary Dugan." It seems they "overlooked" it during its run as a play. It seems, too, that Mary "led a sinister life" and the censors "don't think that sort of thing should be advertised on the screen." It would never do to let Chicago learn that there are such things as immoralities. The first thing you know there might be a spot or two on the city's now immaculate crime record.

Chicago faces more serious problems than that of warding off imagined menaces in the films. It has, for example, the problem of finding funds for such elementary municipal activities as education and sanitation. The State Legislature's efforts to save it from bankruptcy, a threatening result of wasteful, incompetent, and corrupt government, may prove unavailing. The necessity of a reassessment may prevent the authorized high tax rate from being effective until late in the year. Before that time the treasury may be a Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Contemplating this crisis, political opponents of Mayor Thompson yearned for a citizens' commission to save the city, but repented when they seemed about to get it. Should such a gimlet-eyed investigator as Professor Merriam of the University of Chicago be given the run of City Hall? After all, the longing for reformation can go too far.

There is balm in Gilead. Chicago thinks exultantly of its international fair to celebrate a "century of progress" in 1933. The appointment of eminent scientists to help prepare for the exposition reveals the city's brighter aspects. Better than any other city, Chicago has solved the traffic problem. More than most, it has benefited from intelligent

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municipal planning. Its development of the lake front is in itself an outstanding achievement. Were it to produce such leadership in politics as in civic affairs, its claims to progress might be more impressive.

Twenty Slaves Apiece

IT HAS BECOME a commonplace to say that in the present mechanized age every American has twenty slaves doing his work—machine slaves. This number is arrived at simply by dividing the total of mechanical and electrical horsepower known to be used in the Nation by the total of the population. Not very long ago, also, it became a commonplace for writers to predict the coming of vast, incomprehensible stores of energy known by physicists to be locked up within the atom. This was the "intra-atomic" energy and a familiar statement was that the atoms in a piece of matter no larger than a dime, if their locked-up energy could be unlocked, would drive an ocean liner across the Atlantic and back.

More recently it has appeared, however that this anticipated supply of all but free intra-atomic slaves which was to have given us a future Age of Nobody-Knew-What—except that it was likely to be as much more mechanized than the present age as the present age is more mechanized than the Age of Mere-Man-Muscle-Power—is lost. In fact, we have lost it before we ever had it.

The New York Academy of Sciences has just announced the offer of a $750 prize for the most meritorious paper on the sun's release of intra-atomic energy. Man may have to surrender where the sun has succeeded. The physicist Millikan recently pointed out that man like the sun "will presumably some day learn to disintegrate the elements, but" —and here is the rub—"he will have to expend energy upon them to do it." After all, the twenty slaves apiece we Americans daily drive ought to accomplish enough, and will when government catches up with science and directs them to full purpose.

Peace in Mexico

PEACE BETWEEN Church and State in Mexico has been achieved, not by repealing the religious laws, but by stretching their meaning. These laws, enacted by the anti-clerical President Calles in 1926 when the Mexican Congress gave him power to legislate, were designed to carry out principles of the Constitution of 1917.

Together with the Constitution, they forbid religious instruction in public and private schools, prevent religious corporations from establishing or directing primary schools, and enjoin ministers from criticizing the laws or associating for political purposes. Previously, the Government had ruled that ministers must register before being permitted to perform their functions. This ruling was particularly distasteful to the Catholic Church, which feared that the Government might register schismatic ministers, thereby splitting the Church's ranks.

Under the settlement, announced by Calles's successor, Portes Gil, the Government will register no priest who has not been endorsed by a superior officer of the Church. Secondly, although religious instruction is prohibited in schools, it will not be prohibited within church confines, i.e., it is prohibited in private schools but not in certain private classes. Finally, all residents of the country, including priests, will have the right of petition, and may apply to appropriate authorities for the passage, repeal, or amendment of any law. Obviously, these are compromise interpretations rather than strict ones.

However, the Church-State controversy has produced three years of violence and bitterness in Mexico, which in view of its other problems hardly can afford either, and the settlement can be defended on grounds not only of justice but of expediency. It is proving popular with the Mexican public, which, predominantly Catholic, has been torn between its devotion to the Church and its allegiance to the Government.

Remarkable Remarks

Pay no heed to "social position." A Bible and a bathtub can insure this anywhere in the United States. —REV. DR. S. PARKES CADMAN.

There is no doubt that if Christ returned as an immigrant at Ellis Island, he would be rejected after brief inspection of his teachings.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

A woman's instinct never fails her. It is only when some mean man tells her to "try to use a little reason" that she gets her signals all mixed.—HELEN ROWLAND.

You will find in history that nothing has ever been accomplished by the idle rich. — REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

You can't be a sport and at the same time be saintly. — REV. DR. L. D. WOODMANCY.

I would rather have one good American cigarette than ten quarts of the best champagne ever made. —ARTHUR SCHREIBER.

If there ain't no liquor at the table why should a lady struggle for precedence in the seating arrangements.—"BUGS BAER."

Our board never spends a cent in lobbying. We have never spent a penny in lobbying. We have nobody assigned to lobbying.—DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

It is to be regretted that Bishop Cannon should forget himself and become mixed up in stock gambling. —SENATOR CARAWAY.

Congress is finally going to adjourn. Who says there is not justice in the world?—WILL ROGERS.

In Brief

TO FLY AND ARRIVE is to be heroic; to fly and fail is to be foolhardy; or so it apparently seems to the French Government, which condemns transatlantic flights, yet cannot do enough to honor Lotti, Assolant, and Lefevre for having made one . . . The New York State Commission of Correction condemns the Tombs Prison in New York City as a breeder of crime. Certainly this is a doubtful function for an institution of correction . . . . Aside from Lindbergh and Bobby Jones, are there two more envied men in America than Messrs. Leon and Guggenheim of Cleveland, auction bridge pair champions? . . . . Reports reaching Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman indicate that a customs agent, chasing a rum-runner near Mooers, N. Y., "tripped either on a fence or after crossing it, discharging his gun accidentally as he fell." Now you know how the rum-runner happened to be killed, and don't ask any more embarrassing questions . . . Senator Bingham sponsors a Constitutional amendment to deprive members of Congress of immunity from prosecution for libel. Since Congress is about the only remaining refuge of entirely free speech, all that would be necessary then would be to tighten up libel laws a bit and no one could say anything harsh about anybody . . . . If it be not ungallant to do so, may we take sharp issue with Mrs. Hoover's

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statement that no food is so good as that cooked out of doors and eaten right out in the open? . . . . According to Walter S. Steele, of the "National Republic," the new publicity campaign sponsored by prominent Republicans "is not a strictly party campaign, in any sense." Is that why contributions are to be sent to the "National Republic," described by Representative Wood as "the simon-pure organ of unadulterated Republicanism?"

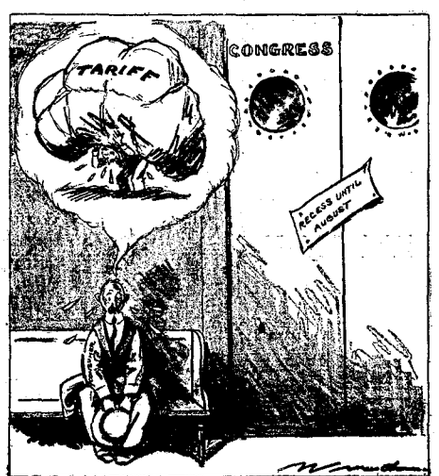
Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HAVE HEARD criticism of Senator "Jim" Watson on the score that he let the President down hard in those encounters with Congress which make Mr. Hoover breathe more comfortably each time he realizes that the bad boys on Capitol Hill have left town for two months. Some of these unkind remarks come from over-zealous friends of the President seeking an alibi for unpleasant upsets, but a great deal emanates from cynics who refuse to believe that the President's erstwhile rival is exerting himself to the utmost as Senate leader and Administration spokesman. The gossips derive ironic satisfaction from their feeling that Watson and his Old Guard associates did not regret the two reverses in the debenture struggle, the setback in the conflict over national origins and an apparent defeat in the rejection of Senator Borah's resolution for "limited" tariff revision. The cloakroom convivialists who chat and conspire with Watson in off hours sniped at the White House during these engagements, and their participation has raised suspicions of the wholeheartedness of Watson's generalship.

We think these critics do wrong to the Senator. So far as we could note, he labored valiantly to overcome the definite handicaps which a non-political President imposed upon his spokesmen in the Congress. Though the florid Hoosier statesman would be less than human if he did not indulge in a few "I told you so's", we doubt if his habit of bowing the knee and beating the breast to a G. O. P. President would permit him to condone rebellion or obstruction. He has, moreover, the intense loyalty of the party politican, and he revels too thoroughly in the clash to squirm or straggle. We learn, on the contrary, that Mr. Hoover's defeats were due to his disregard of the political program outlined by the Senate leader at the start of the session. We understand that Watson begged the President to send no nominations to the Senate early in the session for fear that patronage squabbles might promote dissension. Watson also suggested that the President make no statement concerning the debenture scheme so dear to the Progressives, but leave it to the willing and resourceful Andrew W. Mellon to brand it as "economically unsound" and bear the burden of senatorial displeasure.

This was good political advice, to our mind, but, solely because it was "political," Mr. Hoover seemed to think that he should not heed it. Had it come from Elihu Root or Charles Evans Hughes, the President would undoubtedly have deemed it to be the suggestion of a statesman. This was the part the President preferred to play, and though we do not deny he discharged his obligations as an administrator and executive, he would have emerged from these first all-important trials with greater prestige and a less shaken Republican majority in the upper chamber had he listened to "Sunny Jim". We think it creditable of the President that he manoeuvered the farm bill through so successfully, but it is of the future he must think now. Because of these early blunders we fear he may not have such good fortune when the fight rages around the tariff. Even Watson disagrees with the President's request for "limited" revision as that has been interpreted by the Borahesque school of protectionists. The lines are sharply drawn, we find, as one outcome of skirmishing on the agricultural sector. Twelve or thirteen Republican Progressives—Borah, Brookhart, Norris, La Follette, Blaine, Norbeck, McMaster etc.—will be aligned with numerous low-tariff Democrats against Watson, Reed, Smoot, Fess, Bingham and others who normally support the White House. During the recess the Old Guard in the person of Smoot will be strengthening its position at Senate Finance Committee hearings, and we fully expect the rates of the excessively high House measure to be boosted. President Hoover could easily resolve doubts about the kind of bill he desires, but we don't expect him to. This time, in our opinion, he will heed Watson's suggestion, and stay on the senatorial sidelines. Mr. Hoover catches the idea rather quickly and neatly, once he gets hurt. There will, we prophesy, be weeks of argument concerning the President's wishes, and though he resides only a mile from Capitol Hill, nobody will have the gumption to put the question to him bluntly, and he won't tell.



Weed in the New York Evening World

Somehow he can't enjoy his vacation

Though Mr. Hoover showed skill of a sort in handling Congress, we find that his record as party leader and patronage dispenser is not so good, in the opinion of the political boys. Where he has not antagonized the politicians, he has assented. Our pæans at the ease with which he thwarted New York political hangers-on in the naming of three judges was premature, we discover. When he tried to affect the same neglect for political niceties in several Pennsylvania matters, he felt and feared the protests of Senator Reed, National Committeeman Atterbury, Governor Fisher and Joseph S. Grundy. The result was that Pennsylvania forced the appointment of a judge who was not satisfactory to Attorney General Mitchell, according to all reports. Kansas politicians have been locked in a struggle with the White House over their demand for the nomination of Richard J. Hopkins, an Anti-Saloon League director and lecturer, to the bench. The mild but mad senatorial pair—Capper and Allen—reveal unexpected stubbornness, and will not budge in response to presidential persuasion. We hope that the President stands firm, in his crusade for a better judiciary.

A. F. C.

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Learning From the Eclipse

An Editorial by Henry Norris Russell

THE total eclipse of the sun, a few weeks ago, has passed for the time out of the news columns. For one which was visible in tropical lands, it seems to have been very successfully observed. It is a heart-breaking fate to travel half-way round the world, and spend weeks in setting up large instruments and laboriously getting them into perfect adjustment, only to have the day of the eclipse rainy—or, worse yet, to have the sun obscured by a drifting cloud during the few fateful minutes of totality. This time, American, British and German parties in the Philippines had good luck, and the observers in Siam and Sumatra fared pretty well, though some of them were disturbed by clouds. They had more time than usual to make their photographs—five minutes in Sumatra and four in the Philippines—and one can imagine the feeling of relief when the carefully rehearsed program has been carried out and nothing in the complicated apparatus has stuck or jammed at a critical moment.

Although the strain of uncertainty is over, the astronomer's real work is still mainly before him. First he must develop his plates, and this is no light task on a sweltering tropical evening, even though one has plenty of ice to cool one's solutions. But the risk must be taken, for on one tragic occasion plates were brought home to a cooler climate, and developed with every precaution, only to find that the grain of the wooden plate-holder slides had in some way impressed itself on the plate almost to the effacement of the desired images. With adequate care, however, the plates may be developed, fixed, and dried without untoward happenings. Then the weary "eclipser" heaves one more sigh of relief, packs up for thousands of miles of homeward journey, and at last arrives—and then the longest and heaviest part of his work begins. For eclipse photographs are not made to be admired, but to be *measured;* and though the eclipse expedition often takes months, the discussion of the results may be a matter of years.

In five seconds or so, as the sun's edge disappears behind the moon, and the various layers of its atmosphere are subsequently hidden, a spectrum-photograph may be taken which shows thousands of lines, each telling its own story. By an ingenious device for photographing the spectrum on a moving plate, a record may be obtained showing how all these lines change in brightness from each quarter second to the next. To find out from this how the composition of the sun's atmosphere changes from its lower to its higher layers is a practicable and an extremely fascinating task; and we already know something, and hope to know much more, of the reasons why the composition changes, or at least seems to change. But before this problem can be solved, the astronomer at his measuring machine, the physicist in his laboratory, and the mathematician in his study, must co-operate through months of patient work.

Every one knows, too, that this eclipse has provided one more test of the general theory of relativity. When Einstein predicted, in the days of the War, that rays of light passing near the sun, (or any other body of great mass) would be slightly bent inward, it was recognized at once that here was a true *experimentum crucis* by which the theory must stand or fall.

It is easy enough to photograph stars during a total eclipse. By getting our cameras in perfect adjustment, we may obtain photographs on which accurate measures can be made, and find, very precisely, where the stars appear to be when their rays have passed near the sun. But to test the theory we must know, too, where they would have appeared if their light had pursued an undisturbed path. We can find this out by photographing them again when the sun has moved out of line into another quarter of the heavens. We must work with the same camera in both cases, and keep it in the same adjustment, lest some minute source of error should creep in. To make assurance doubly sure, it has even been planned to spend half of the precious moments of totality in swinging the telescope to another part of the sky, well away from the sun, so that a second field of stars, unaffected by the relativity shift, may be photographed on the same plate as the first. This "check-field" photographed again on the later plates, long after the eclipse, will catch any possible effects of tiny changes in adjustment, and allow the computer to correct for them.

Observations of this sort have already been made at two previous eclipses—in 1919 by the British parties, and in 1922 by several observers, notably by the Lick Observatory party in Australia. The predicted shift of the star-images was found in both cases. The Lick observations, which are the most numerous and precise secured up to the present, agreed with Einstein's prediction precisely—within one per cent, to be specific—and showed conclusively that the rays which pass nearest the sun are most deviated, just as the theory demands. The work of measurement and calculation was so heavy that it was not fully completed till more than five years after the eclipse. These results are indeed so precise and so convincing that a good many astronomers (the writer among them) regard further tests as almost works of supererogation. But there are conservatives—and fundamentalists—in science as well as in theology, and they are eager for one more trial. For example, some of them suggested that the observed displacements of the stars were due to some peculiar refraction of light in the earth's atmosphere. Although a theoretical investigation showed that such an influence was extremely unlikely to produce effects large enough to measure, the matter was decided at the recent eclipse by measuring the size of the moon's image. This refraction made the stars seem to be too far from the center. It would also make the moon seem to be too big. The measure showed that the moon was of exactly its normal size. The results obtained should put the matter beyond all cavil—and release the energy of future eclipse expeditions for more pressing problems.

As director of the Princeton Observatory, Dr. Russell writes with authority on the conclusions to be drawn from study of the recent eclipse of the sun, with reference to the Einstein theory of relativity. Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, Curator of the National Museum, will be the next contributor

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Beethoven: A Biography

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Disagreeing with the majority of Beethoven biographers who rank the "Missa" as his finest work, Mr. Schauffler puts it below some of the sonatas, quartets and symphonies. In this installment the making of the Ninth symphony and the final quartets is related, with further episodes touching the composer's idiosyncrasies

BEETHOVEN felt that the *Missa* was his best composition. And nearly all of his biographers have agreed with him and with one another in declaring it the crown, or something near it, of the Master's career,—worthy to stand with Bach's B minor Mass at the summit of all choral compositions. It is time to forget what any one has ever said about the *Missa,* to hear it with one's own ears and scrutinize it strictly on its own merits according to the light vouchsafed us today.

Judged by both outer and inner standards this was started as an occasional work. It was begun as a compliment to his rich patron the Archduke, a man to whom Beethoven in his letters often referred contemptuously as "the weak cardinal," and the like. Such outer incentives for composition almost never resulted in Beethoven's best.

Besides this handicap, the composer was sick much of the time between 1818 and 1823. He was distracted by the wretched business of Karl, and by hopeless domestic affairs which were aggravated *crescendo* by morbid suspicions natural to almost total deafness.

Despite the marvelous qualities of its best portions—the *Credo,* the *Benedictus* and the *Agnus Dei*—the *Missa Solemnis,* taken as a whole, stands in the author's opinion on a plane somewhat below its composer's best sonatas, quartets and symphonies.

Those who have accepted the Master's own estimate of the *Missa* should take into account that this creation cost him more time and trouble than any of his other spiritual children; that artists are notoriously unreliable judges of their own productions; and that a cripple, reared with difficulty, is usually its mother's favorite child.

The *Missa* continued that work of liberation which its creator had carried on in much of his instrumental music. The late appearance of a Bach cult, which delayed the publication of Bach's vocal works until the middle of the Nineteenth Century, conferred upon Beethoven the honor of actually freeing the Mass from its traditional confinement within the boundaries of a particular church. He even liberated it from the confines of ecclesiastical convention itself, and made it free of a region until then almost untrodden by composers,—that land of true religion, wide as the human race, where the individual is in immediate relation to the infinite life of which he is a spark.

Now comes a distressing matter. At the time when Beethoven's Dr. Jekyll had just finished such other-worldly music as the *Et vitam venturi,* the *Benedictus,* and the *Dona nobis pacem,* and was turning his thoughts to the sublimities of the Ninth symphony, Mr. Hyde flew into a bustle of pernicious activity along worldly lines.

We have already heard how he said to the remonstrant "Falstaff" in the Rasoumowsky period, "Does he really suppose I think of his puling little fiddle when the spirit speaks to me and I compose something?" Now in the above, Mr. Hyde could honestly have substituted for "his puling little fiddle" "my puling little publishers." For he played fast and loose with these so-called 'hell-hounds who licked and gnawed his brains.'

HERE WE SHALL not go into the details of these sordid business dealings. It will suffice to say that none but those who have suffered the plight of total deafness can feel more sympathy than repugnance in following the business history of the *Missa.* There is nothing like ear trouble for curdling the milk of human kindness. It can easily persuade a victim that the universe is in league to deride and defraud him, and that almost anything the minority may do is justifiable in such a lop-sided war.

In his keenness for money the man who had freed the composer from the patronage system and established him on a professional basis, went back on his excellent principles. He postponed publication of the *Missa* and obsequiously solicited private subscriptions for it, at fifty ducats each, from those potentates whom he was fond of describing as "the princely rabble" and worse.

His letters to Zelter offering the *Missa* to the Berlin Singakademie show rather crude prevarications. They intimate that the Mass would never be published in the ordinary way; also that this whole composition, unthinkable without the orchestra, could be almost performed entirely *a la capella.* . . . . and there is already a movement in it which is entirely *a la capella."*

FEBRUARY 8, 1823, the day of his first letter to Zelter on this subject, Beethoven wrote Goethe bespeaking his influence toward having the court of Weimar subscribe, and stating that the Mass would not be published in the ordinary way "for the present." Now Goethe was a close friend of Zelter's and may have discovered the discrepancy between these two statements about publication. At any rate, he had never forgiven Beethoven for the trick played on him at Teplitz. We know that Goethe fell suddenly and seriously ill on February 17, 1823. But even after his recovery a month later he treated Beethoven's letter to the same silence which he had meted out six years before to an unknown lad of twenty. This lad was named Franz Schubert, and he had sent the "Erlkönig" in a book of other manuscript settings of Goethe's lyrics, with a bashful request to dedicate them to His Excellency.

By 1822, Anton Felix Schindler, who had first met Beethoven eight years before, had become firmly established as his private-secretary-without-salary. He was tall and lean, a figure of comedy when he laid down the law in his nasal voice and with the angular gestures of a semaphore.

Naturally he never laid down the law to Beethoven, but used to annoy him with all manner of inept questions such as: "Will you tell me, in a few words, how to become an orchestral conductor?"

"Do you imagine," was the exasperated reply, "that a conductor can be improvised?" No wonder he called his famulus an irksome "appendix."

In April, 1823, Czerny's pupil Franz Liszt, a twelve year old boy gave

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his first public concert. On Liszt's own authority the world has long believed that Beethoven came, heard, wept, rushed upon the stage and publicly kissed him, uttering complimentary prophesies. But the records of the "Conversation Books" and of contemporaries strongly suggest that this story was fabricated. It is doubtful whether Beethoven attended the concert. Even if he had, he could not have heard one note. And mere dumb show would scarcely have stirred him to the point of making such an emotional scene in public.

That same year Beethoven furnished a vivid illustration of the poet's chief function, which is to reveal the significance of the seemingly insignificant,—to show forth the beauty, not of holiness, but of the apparently ugly. He performed a conjuring feat which recalls how he founded the *Credo* of his Mass in C upon the absurd fumblings of a village 'cellist.

A Viennese publisher called Diabelli, having written a waltz of the most perfect insipidity, invited a large number of composers, among them Schubert and Beethoven, to collaborate by contributing one variation each for his volume. Schubert accepted. Beethoven growled that he never collaborated;—besides he didn't want to write a variation on a cobbler's patch (*Schusterfleck*). Then he looked at the foolish thing again, burst out into a great laugh, and straightway fell to composing.

Enthusiasm waxed, and he sent word to the publisher offering to write a whole set himself. Diabelli was delighted and proposed to give him eighty ducats for six or eight variations.

"All right," said Beethoven, in high good humor. "He shall have variations on his cobbler's patch!" He had them—thirty-three in all.

This astonishing work is a monument to Beethoven's learning, his resourcefulness, his humor, his rhythmical genius, his cosmic breadth[1], but scarcely to his inspiration. One feels that in writing these variations the deaf Master was Utopian, and intended them for a theoretical virtuoso playing a theoretical piano. But he was only recoiling *pour mieux sauter*.

For three decades Beethoven had carried about in his head part of the Ninth symphony. Such long preoccupation recalls the half century in which Goethe brooded and toiled over "Faust."

As has been already noted, it was the Master's custom to write his symphonies in pairs. In an 1818 "Sketch Book," he scribbled among studies for the Hammerklavier sonata, the following:

"Adagio cantique; sacred song in a symphony in an old mode ("We Praise Thee, O God—Alleluia"), either to stand alone, or as introduction to a fugue. The whole second symphony to be based, perhaps, on its melody. The singing voices to enter in the last piece or as early as the *adagio.* Orchestra, violins, etc., to be increased tenfold in the last piece. Or the *adagio* repeated in a certain manner in the last piece, the singing voices being then first introduced little by little. In the *adagio* the text of a Greek myth—*Cantique Ecclesiastique*—in the *allegro,* festival of Bacchus."

It appears that these two symphonies were to be called "The English" and "The German." They were to contrast the worship of the pagan gods with that of Jehovah. The second was to have a vocal termination in an old mode. The first was to have a *finale* commencing with a glorious sweeping tune which, as we shall see, met a different fate. And there was to be an anagram movement on Bach's name,—perhaps in contrast to the "festival of Bacchus."

When these paired ideas fell into the active volcano of Beethoven's unconsciousness, tremendous seethings, fusions, and eruptions took place. The two dream symphonies melted and ran into one. But the pagan gods and the Bach anagram were violently rejected. The old mode and the sweeping *finale* tune were shot forth for later use in the A minor quartet.[2] Various reminiscences of early work flowed in to replace them. And the Ninth symphony began to take definite form.

In composing this *Choral* symphony[3] Beethoven left its slow movement until the last. It was as though he despaired of finding any *adagio* subject worthy to follow that puissant *allegro* and that incomparable *scherzo.* Illness and trouble were making his ideas come more deliberately.

"You see," he confessed to Rochlitz in 1822, "for some while past I have not been able to write easily. I sit and think, and think, and get it all settled; but it won't come on the paper, and a great work troubles me immensely at the outset; once get into it and it's all right." This strange new handicap of initial inertia may explain why Opus 125 ventured to climb upon the back of Opus 13 to get up a few measures' momentum.[4]

Less concretely the opening movement of the Ninth recalls two earlier symphonies. The brooding chaos of the first measures is a third-period version of the prettier, smaller Haydn-oratorio chaos of the introduction to the Fourth symphony. While the main part of the movement is a mature, almost superhuman re-creation of the emotion surging in the terrific conflict that starts the Fifth. Only we feel that the latter conflict is raging in the soul of one who has now risen to the stature of a supreme conqueror.

Ex. 1

Three parts of this symphony are first-magnitude examples of Beethoven's three most original contributions to music: the opening movement of titanic struggle, the Dionysiac *scherzo,* "that huge spout of life" whirling the listener to undreamt regions of humor, abandon and fantasy; and the visionary slow movement of mystic delight.

In the Ninth symphony these three are superbly represented and balanced. The opening subject of the first movement founded on the D minor triad (Ex. 1) is colossal, although it by no means bestrides the whole mighty symphony, as some writers insist.

This herculean main subject with the

1. "Those incredible Diabelli variations . . . . the whole range of thought and feeling, yet all in organic relation to a ridiculous little waltz tune." (Huxley, "Point Counter Point," 1928, p. 294).
2. Op. 132.
3. Op. 125.
4. In his book Mr. Schauffler shows that the beginning of the *Choral* symphony's *adagio* is a counterpoint of the corresponding portion of the *Pathetique* and for three measures the two may be played as a duet. He also announces that the end of the Trio of the *Choral* symphony's *scherzo* borrowed an 11-note phrase from the old English ballad, "My Man John." This was introduced perhaps out of compliment to that country which he had always adored, and for whose Philharmonic Society he had written this work.

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eerie twilight of the starkly elemental introduction, the extraordinary richness of subsidiary matter, the sudden surprising gleams of tenderness, the terrific passage with the long *tympani* roll at the start of the recapitulation where "the Dark Tower of Childe Roland's encounter looms before us out of the swirling spiritual mists,"[1] the *coda's* dirge over a chromatic *basso ostinato* that seems crushed beneath the weight of universal woe,—all this would clearly constitute the strongest, noblest page of Beethoven, if it were not for the opening of the C sharp minor quartet, the *Et vitam venturi* fugue in the *Missa* and the first half of the *Eroica*. Perhaps it is in any case.

Though the first movement is rivalled by that of the *Eroica*, the *scherzo* stands absolutely unrivalled among *scherzos*, and but little below any other movement whatever.

At the *première* of the Ninth symphony, the quick and creative Viennese listeners were so thrilled and excited by the humor of the famous kettledrum passage in measures 198-208, that their applause quite interrupted the performance.

The *adagio-andante* is one of the holiest, purest outpourings of exaltation in the whole domain of mystical music. (Ex. 2.)

Ex. 2 *Adagio molto e cantabile (Choral symphony)*

In the *andante* subject, Beethoven's sympathy for the downtrodden, and the democracy of the feelings he was about to express concerning Joy, caused him to take compassion on those peons of the orchestra, the second violins, and assign them one of the most luscious tid-bits in the work. It is touching to hear with what a fervor of gratitude and enthusiasm these poor fellows fall upon the tune,—an enthusiasm which even the most magnetic or savage conductor can scarcely restrain within the bounds of anything like the *piano* enjoined by Beethoven.

Beethoven's own description of the Ninth as "Symphony with Final Chorus on Schiller's Ode 'To Joy' " shows that he himself regarded the last movement as an addendum to the first three. Let us say at once all we can in its favor.

There are two superlatively great things about the *Choral finale:* the Joy theme (Ex. 3) and the second intermediate theme of this huge *cantata-rondo*, beginning at the 595th bar, *andante maestoso*, through the *adagio ma mon troppo, ma divoto.*

Here Beethoven's studies in the Gregorian chant bore more fruit than in all of the *Missa*, to prepare for which he looked through the "church-chorales of the monks."

Those who have followed the long and painful evolution of the joy theme through the "Sketch Books," may more fully appreciate the force of Richard Wagner's remark: "Beethoven has emancipated this melody from all influences of fashion and variations of taste, and has raised it into a type of pure and lasting humanity." It has the simple force, the limpid beauty, the generic quality of the greatest folk-music. The tune haunted the imaginations of those on whom Beethoven's mantle fell.

Ex. 3 *Allegro assai.*

The *andante maestoso—adagio* section of the *finale*, just mentioned, has need of all the noble qualities it can muster. For it follows a sort of fife and drum corps march of an inoffensive triviality somewhat reminiscent of the "Battle" symphony. By the time this is reached Beethoven has been such a ruthless "tyrant over all the vocal organs" that the wretched sopranos have most of them stopped singing to begin screeching. And not long after this the work expires in a *prestissimo* amid the lamentable howls of these now agonized females, and what Ernest Walker has computed to be "one hundred and twenty-seven rapid bangs on the big drum and cymbals."[2]

The reliable Czerny told Jahn that after the first performance Beethoven emphatically declared he was dissatisfied with the *Hymn to Joy*, and wished to write another movement without vocal parts to take the place of this failure. In the present writer's experience, only three conductors have given the *Choral finale* so supremely as to make him cease for the moment to agree with its composer's severe verdict. But Sig. Toscanini, M. Koussevitzky and Mr. Stokowski are men so creative that they can ennoble the tinsel tawdriness of *Ein Heldenleben*. They are such invincible bull operators that they can even send the watered stock of *Pini di Roma* soaring.

Such artists are unsettling to the equipoise of the critic. But on all these occasions, when the excitement of their magic had subsided, the writer reverted to his former conviction. Theoretically it was an inspired idea to reinforce the orchestra with the most natural, popular and directly human of instruments, the voice. And the experiment might have worked out with brilliant success if the hearers of that time had been prepared to accept what is gaining ground today,—the voice as an orchestral instrument, used without dragging in the irrelevant and maltreated art of poetry whenever a singer opens his mouth.

The fatal mistake of the *Choral finale* was the mixture of poetry, the concrete and finite, with music, the abstract and infinite. Schiller's drinking-song *de luxe* dragged the music down from the cloud-capped eminence of the first three movements to a humiliating materialistic basis. It imposed upon an art that should be all things to all men, a belittling concreteness.

For some years now, the wild popu-

1. As Mr. Lawrence Gilman fancies.
2. "Beethoven." p. 56.

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larity of Rossini had elbowed Beethoven somewhat into the background—though not so far back as the vociferous complaints, fed by his mania of persecution, would have led people to suppose. The great public had begun to cool a little. His old friends, however, were still faithful. When they heard that the Ninth symphony was finished, the Lichnowskys, Graf von Fries, Zmeskall and more than two dozen others sent him a charming round-robin, begging him reverentially to let the *Missa* and the Ninth symphony be heard. Here are a few of the less flowery lines:

"Shall we tell you with what deep regret we have felt your retirement? Do you need our assurance that, as all eyes turned hopefully towards you, all noticed with sorrow that the man whom we must name as the living mortal most eminent in his own sphere, silently looked on while foreign art pitched its camp on German soil, in the German muse's place of honor? . . . . You alone can assure to the efforts of the best among us, a decisive victory. From you the art-union of the Fatherland and the German opera await a fresh blooming, renewed youth, and a new mastery of the true and the beautiful over the force which would subordinate to the fashion-spirit of the day even the eternal laws of art. Give us the hope of soon seeing fulfilled the wishes of all those who have ever been reached by the strains of your harmonies."

The composer was pleased. "That is really very beautiful!" he cried in a loud voice. "That gives me pleasure!"

He resolved to give an "Academy." But of late indecision had grown on him. It seemed that he simply could not fix on what he wanted, and stick to it. So three of his friends formed a benign conspiracy. As if by accident they met at Beethoven's house and tried to wheedle him into signing a definite plan for the concert.

The suspicious genius saw through them, however, as swiftly as he had discovered the hidden tune in Mozart's theme. Before sunset he dispatched three summary notes:

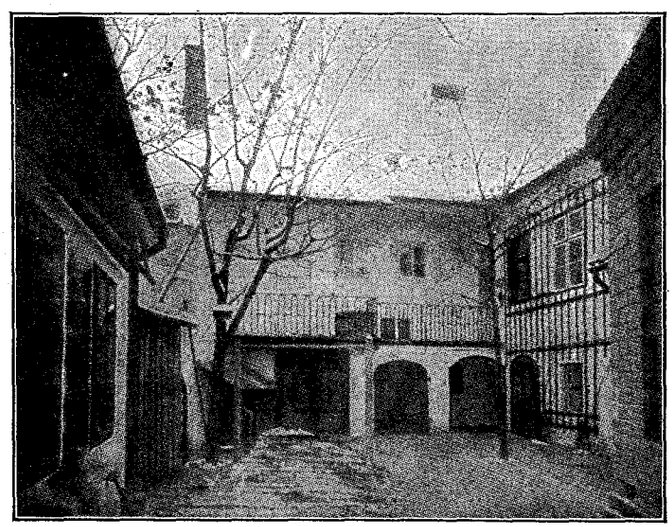
"To the Count Lichnowsky: I loathe treachery. Visit me no more. Academy is off. BEETHOVEN."

"To Mr. Schuppanzigh: Let him visit me no more. I give no Academy. BEETHOVEN."

"To Schindler: I request you to come no more until I send for you. Academy is off. B—N."

But this was only a passing squall. Successful negotiations were soon resumed. The formal announcement of the concert read as follows:

"Grand Musical Concert
by
Mr. L. Van Beethoven
which will take place
tomorrow, May 7, 1824
in the R. I. Court Theatre beside
the Kärnthnerthor.



COURT OF AN OLD HOUSE IN BADEN
where Beethoven worked on the ninth symphony

The musical pieces to be performed are the latest works of Mr. Ludwig van Beethoven.

First: A Grand Overture.

Second: Three Grand Hymns with Solo and Chorus Voices.

Third: A Grand Symphony with Solo and Chorus Voices entering in the *finale* on Schiller's 'Ode to Joy.'

The solos will be performed by the Demoiselles Sonntag and Unger and the Messrs. Haizinger and Seipelt. Mr. Schuppanzigh has undertaken the direction of the orchestra, Mr. Chapelmaster Umlauf the direction of the whole and the Music Society the augmentation of the chorus and orchestra as a favor. Mr. Ludwig van Beethoven will himself participate in the general direction.

Prices of admission as usual.

Beginning at 7 o'clock in the evening."

The overture was *The Consecration of the House*[1]. The three "hymns" were the *Kyrie, Credo and Agnus Dei* of the *Missa Solemnis*.

On May 6, the last rehearsal took place in the Kärthnerthor Theatre. The orchestra was filled with famous players like Böhm and Mayseder. At the *Kyrie,* as an eye-witness reports, Beethoven was "quite dissolved in devotion and emotion." After the symphony he "stationed himself at the door and embraced all the amateurs who had taken part."

The house was packed for the concert. The public bestowed upon Beethoven so much more applause than was usually given even the Imperial family that the Commissioner of Police angrily yelled: "Silence!" "Let us hope," Mr. Lawrence Gilman pithily remarks, "that the memory of this incident brought some consolation to Beethoven two and a half years later, when the King of Prussia palmed off on him a near-diamond ring in return for the Ninth symphony."

There had been but two rehearsals, the third having been omitted in favor of a ballet! Naturally the performance left much to be desired. But Beethoven heard neither its defects nor its beauties. He stood in the center of the orchestra with his back to the audience, following the proceedings in the score. The word "following" must be taken literally. For a lady named Grebner who, at the age of seventeen, sang in that historic chorus, told Felix Weingartner three quarters of a century later, that although Beethoven "appeared to follow the score with his eyes, at the end of each movement he turned several pages together."

The pianist Thalberg, another eye-witness, informed Thayer that the choir and orchestra were directed to watch Beethoven, but to pay not the slightest attention to his beating of the time.

Tumultuous applause broke out after the *scherzo*. But Beethoven stood utterly deaf to it, fumbling with his score. Then one of the singers, Fräulein Unger, pulled his sleeve and pointed to the rapturous audience. When he turned and bowed there were few dry eyes in the house.

After the expansion and exaltation of this concert, there was an equal and opposite reaction. The box office had

1. Op. 124.

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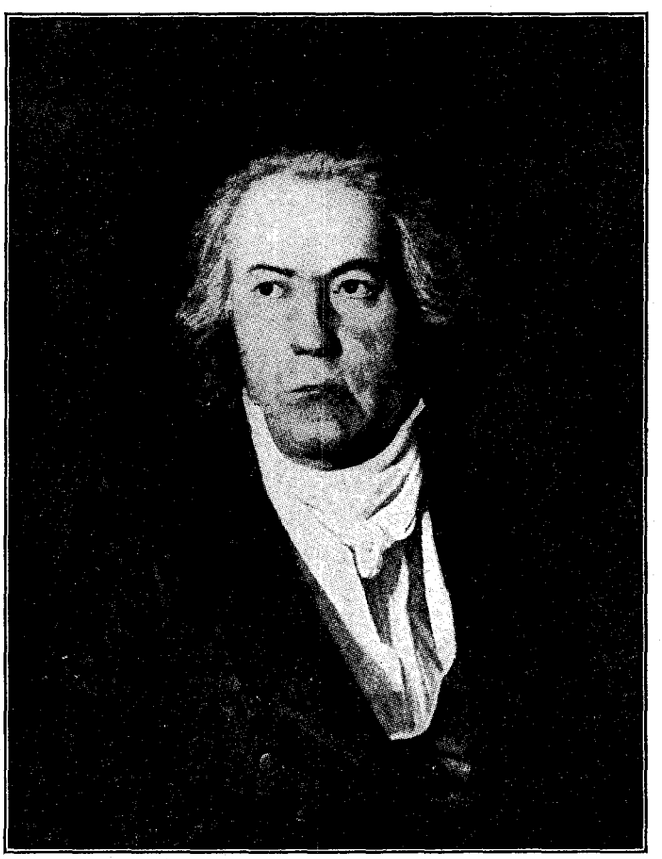
taken in 2200 florins. But after deducting the cost of copying and administration, less than 420 florins were left. Beethoven boiled over. He had invited Schuppanzigh, Schindler and Umlauf, the conductor of the concert, to dine with him at a restaurant with the ominously prophetic name of "At the Sign of the Wild Man." He had ordered what Schindler called an "opulent" meal. But the company had no sooner sat down at table than Mr. Hyde, harpy that he was, spoiled it all. He poured out a flood of what he had once described as "hearty, free words." In brutally downright terms he accused Schindler and the management of having swindled him.

In vain Umlauf and "Milord Falstaff" sought to point out that all the receipts and expenditures had been checked by the two theatre cashiers and by nephew Karl; that contrary to custom, the latter had been allowed to act as comptroller. But far from listening to them, the composer only grew more and more hearty and free.

Finally even the meekness of Schindler could stand no more. Gathering his few poor shreds of dignity about him, and seizing Umlauf's arm, he rushed from the room.

"Schuppanzigh," remarks Thayer, "remained behind just long enough to get a few stripes on his broad back and then joined his companions in misery. Together they finished their meal at a restaurant in the Leopoldstadt."



BEETHOVEN IN 1823

Before we turn to the last and most exalted chapter of Beethoven's career, we must record one more shabby Hydean trick. For the sum of £50, Beethoven had contracted to write the Ninth symphony for the London Philharmonic Society. He had agreed to give that body exclusive possession of it during eighteen months. At the end of this period the property rights in it would revert to the composer.

The money was paid, December, 1822, soon after the offer had been accepted. Beethoven delivered the manuscript late in April, 1824. On the seventh of the following month he broke faith by having the symphony performed in Vienna. And adding insult to injury, he dedicated the work—to the King of Prussia.

This unpleasant topic cannot close, however, without a word about Dr. Jekyll. Not long before these events, Johann Friedrich Rochlitz wrote: "He will give his last thaler to a man who has grievously injured him an hour before, and against whom he has most violently declaimed. . . . Once he gets up momentum, witticisms of rough power, droll inspirations, surprising, exciting combinations and paradoxes constantly occur to him. Therefore I say, in dead earnest: he gives you a lovable impression. . . . The dusky unlicked bear has such a trustful and true-spirited way with him, he growls too and shakes his tuftlets of hair so harmlessly and curiously, that even if he were indeed nothing but such a bear and had accomplished none of the things he has, one must needs rejoice in him and take to him."

Late in 1824, the project of the trip to England again came up. The London Philharmonic Society made Beethoven another generous offer. But after haggling with them for £100 more, which they refused, he raised so many difficulties as to wreck the project. This was bad for Beethoven's purse. But we are probably the gainers. If he had gone to London the last five quartets might never have been.

A century ago wealthy Russian amateurs of music were doing as much for their art as M. Koussevitzky is doing today. When in 1806, the desire attacked Beethoven to write again in this form, Count Rasoumowsky had earned the enduring gratitude of all quartet lovers by ordering Opus 59.

Toward the end of 1822 Prince Galitzin, another Russian enthusiast, chose an equally happy moment. He ordered "two or three string quartets." This commission was heartily welcomed by the man who—though temporarily — freed music from the bondage of the word. He was weary of his long struggle with the text of the *Missa,* and desirous of returning to his own field of absolute music,—that art which escapes the profanation of concrete programs.

For the experience of hearing the last five quartets, the listener should be prepared at least as carefully and seriously as a school boy for the university, or a freemason for initiation into the higher degrees, or a child for confirmation. Indeed, more carefully and seriously. For these quartets give a glimpse of an evolutionary stage not yet attained by many human spirits. They reveal the Alpine blossom of experience growing farther above the work-a-day levels of normal Twentieth Century humanity than most visions of the average scholar or freemason or churchman.

"Behold, I show unto you a mystery!" says the Apostle. He does not proceed to enunciate an enigmatic intellectual proposition such as "We shall not all die." Rather, he sets beating within us the heart of the mystery itself. He actually exhibits to us the incorruptibility of this corruption. He shows forth the mortal in the very act of putting on immortality, and the will of the superman, by a supreme rite of renunciation and resignation, drawing the very sting of death itself.

Some such experience awaits the music lover who can acquire ears and

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brains new enough to appreciate the last quartets of Beethoven. In them the Master attained such other-worldly altitudes that, in connection with this *finale* of his career, one might appropriately reverse the title of Strauss's famous tone-poem, and speak of Beethoven's "Verklärung und Tod,"—his transfiguration and death. No pin-prick thoughts of his irritability, his avarice, his dishonesty can count for a moment in the atmosphere of the *adagios* of the E flat, the A minor and the B flat quartets and the fugue which opens the C sharp minor.

WE ARE eternal debtors to his deafness. It is doubtful if such music could have been created except as self-compensation for some such affliction, and in the utter isolation which that affliction brought about. Perhaps that very deafness acted as a sort of protection against the too dazzling intensities of the mystic revelation. It may be that his shrouded hearing was like the veiled vision of him who was warned that he might not "see God and live." At times these quartets take on the celestial quality of:

"The light that never was on sea or land."

Only three years before they were begun, another great artist, in a distant land, sickening like Beethoven for his deathbed, wrote some lines strangely applicable to this last and supreme work of his loftiest contemporary:

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
> Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd
> Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

When one has entered into intimacy with them, these last "ditties"—the quartets that were of "no tone" to the Master's poor outer ear—gradually become "more endear'd" than any other mortal music.

Nothing could have been a fitter vehicle for Beethoven's swan-song than the string quartet,—the most perfect means for conveying absolute music yet discovered. It is made up of instruments strongly individual, yet capable of merging their personalities into one. These instruments are almost uniquely equipped for pure intonation. They interpose less mechanism between hand and ear than the piano. They form an organism far more intimate and pliable than the orchestra,—a perfect medium for the high subjectivity and the rich and independent polyphony of these last utterances.

The old quartet form did not suffice for the intense personalism of this music. So Beethoven invented new forms. In these the tempo changed more often and more capriciously than ever. The usual four movements grew to five—six—and even seven, as if in memory of the rococo Divertimento and Suite. There was less strictness in the sonata-form movements. Their modeling was not so formally pronounced. The second subject sometimes burst in unprepared like a surprise party. The development grew shorter and more polyphonically intensive. The most astonishing contrasts of naïve folk-tunes with the music of philosophical reverie were forged into a whole by sheer sorcery. The voice-leading became wonderfully free and daring. In these quartets there are no neutral passages where the hearer may nod and recover. Every moment he must give all he has. For each note is packed with significance.

The only way to make these quartets one's own is by repeated hearings and much detailed study with score in hand. The excellent phonograph records of them now available are a godsend. They are powerful aids in speeding up the processes of comprehension.

Like all the last five, the E flat quartet[1] has a superb emotional unity. The words *"La gaieté,"* scribbled by the Master's hand, were found in a sketch of its slow movement. These words might be taken to indicate the mellow, serene happiness of a man who has come out on the other side of catastrophe, to find that he has thereby secured the most precious of all gifts,—a creativeness approaching the divine. Understood in this deeper sense, *"La gaieté"* may well be the motto of this ripe work.

THE E FLAT quartet often seems festooned with the gold and scarlet foliage, and pungently sweet with the bursting grapes, of autumn. The somewhat crabbed *scherzo* serves as a dun background to heighten the autumnal glow, like a premonition of Arctic rigors in that "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness."

In bringing out this quartet early in 1825, Beethoven was guilty of a pair of shabby tricks. At nearly the same time he promised the first performance both to Linke, the violoncellist of the Schuppanzigh Quartet, and to Schuppanzigh himself. At length "Milord" succeeded in securing it. But he made a mess of the first performance.

In a rage Beethoven showered reproaches upon his poor fat friend, and replaced him with a better fiddler named Boehm. He himself attended the rehearsals. And though incapable of hearing a note, he watched the bows and fingers so acutely as to be of substantial help to the players.

At the second performance *"La Gaieté"* was given twice, and with such success that various publishers began a brisk competition for it. Naturally "Milord's" nose was out of joint. The "Conversation Books" of these days show entries like:

"Schuppanzigh is very angry at Boehm and the others. . . . "

"Schuppanzigh said he wouldn't have believed you would have done such a thing to him."

It was long before "Milord" forgave the affront.

About this time Carl Holz, the quartet's second violinist, began to supplant Schindler as Beethoven's factotum. He was young, intelligent, charming, had a lively sense of humor and did the Master good by amusing him and taking him out a little into the world.

HE HAD compassion for the Master's domestic troubles and was alert and clever in helping him out of them. "Beethoven," he wrote with characteristic wit, "is an eagle who flies toward the zenith. Attached to his feet, not to his wings, is a cord that hangs to earth. It is firmly held by his housekeeper. Sometimes he abruptly tears himself loose and renews his flight toward the heavens. But if he thinks of earth and fain would stoop toward it, he lets the cord drop. Then she seizes and holds it fast."

Schindler hated Holz as only a bore can hate a wit who has elbowed him out of a privileged position. He called him Mephistopheles. And in the end he triumphed over him. For, shortly before the Master's death, Holz was preoccupied by his marriage and Schindler was again needed. But not before Beethoven had appointed Holz his official biographer. Unfortunately Mephistopheles never took advantage of this

1. Op. 127.

(Please Turn to Page 400)

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The New Food Mergers

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

TRADEMARKS are assuming a new value in the financial world. The concentrated, expensive campaigns of recent years to establish consumer preference for trade names of the cost staple commodities are giving rise to powerful holding companies that will be equipped to exploit fully the modern methods of distribution of packaged food products.

Strangely enough it is only within the past six years that three of the most important of these holding companies have developed. Fundamental as the food business is, consuming more than a quarter of the nation's income or more than twenty billion dollars annually, the waste in purchasing, manufacturing and distribution has been deplorable because of the overlapping organizations of practically 50,000 manufacturing units. Each has its own selling force, its own carefully knit network for delivering merchandise speedily to thousands of wholesalers and retailers.

It was such a condition that prompted the recent plan for uniting the Fleischmann Company, Royal Baking Powder Company, E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd., and Chase & Sanborn in a new holding company under the Morgan aegis. Fleischmann's system for delivering yeast daily to about 300,000 consumers is the largest known, consisting of more than 200 railroad cars, 2,000 vehicles, and 900 sales units. It was the growth of these facilities that created a virtual monopoly for the company's products.

Royal Baking Powder, with extensive foreign sales and distribution in the United States through wholesalers, jobbers and chain stores, brings to the new holding company such trademarked articles as Royal gelatines, salad dressing, and mint sauce; Dr. Price's phosphate baking powder and cream baking powder; Cleveland's baking powder; and groceries sold principally in foreign countries under the brand names "Royal," "Lion," and others. The Chase & Sanborn name on coffee and tea will be another large asset.

The Postum Company, in 1925, was one of the first food products companies to adopt a policy of diversified expansion, attacking distribution wastes as well as applying modern mass production to manufacturing processes in the industry.

The Postum business was launched more than thirty years ago with the production of Postum Cereal as a coffee substitute, Grape Nuts cereal, and Post Toasties. In 1922 it was incorporated. During the past four years it has followed the policy of acquiring prosperous manufacturers of well advertised food products, until it has become a dominant holding company. Its merchandise includes such well known brands as Post's cereals, Jell-O, D-Zerta, Swans Down, Minute tapioca and gelatine, Walter Baker's chocolate products, Franklin Baker's cocoanut products, Log Cabin syrup, Wigwam syrup, Maxwell House coffee and tea, La France, Satina, Calumet baking powder, Hellman's mayonnaise and relishes, Certo, and Sanka. The effect of the policy has been notably profitable.

ALL OF THE products mentioned are staple groceries, adapted to package merchandising. The most expensive asset in the acquisition of the various subsidiaries was the item of good will, created by national advertising. The Postum Company, soon to be known as General Food Products in recognition of its broadened field, admits that trademarks, patents and good will are carried on the books at a substantial amount, but for published accounts these appear at the value of $1. This very solid business rests upon a foundation of intangibles.

A potential monopoly has been purchased recently in the patent rights to the Birdseye freezing process, by which fresh perishable foods are frozen so quickly that it is claimed no juices or flavor are lost, permitting attractive packing and shipment across the continent and overseas.

The third commodities holding company assuming financial prominence is the Gold Dust Corporation, handling packaged, trademarked, consumable products including Best Food products, Nucoa nut margarine, Shortening, Gold Medal Mayonnaise, Bread & Butter pickles, etc.; Gold Dust washing powder, Fairy soap, Sunny Monday soap; and Two-in-One, Shinola, and Bixby's shoe polishes. The company has, in Best Foods, Inc., a store delivery system in five large Eastern cities, and in some 500 other centers of population distributors with warehouse accommodations and a motor fleet of 3,000 to take salesmen daily to retail dealers. The period of greatest growth of Gold Dust dates from its incorporation in 1923.

Like the new Fleischmann-Royal holding company, Gold Dust is known as a "First National-Morgan" company. Postum is still regarded vaguely in the minds of some investors as a Morgan-sponsored corporation, but the loose contact established a few years ago was temporary, and Postum may be considered the most aggressive competitor of the other two.

The Fleischmann-Royal merger was designed on generous lines, leaving plenty of room for growth. On the basis of quotations on shares to be issued for the initial acquisitions, the authorized capitalization amounts to approximately $800,000,000, of which slightly more than half is to be outstanding. The addition of other companies, perhaps including Gold Dust, would not be an unexpected development. Such a union would leave two eminent corporations conducting an artful battle of trade names. Each, also, would have a back log of monopolistic processes or commodities.

THE STRENGTH of these young giants lies in packaged products. The growth of urban population, smaller families, and smaller homes; the release of women from household drudgery and their growing dependence upon easily prepared foods; and the development of chain stores dependent upon volume distribution of easily handled products have created the demand for standardized package goods. The attractive package, incidentally, commands a better price than the same volume of bulk goods. The problems facing the leaders in the new food mergers are economical integration of manufacturing and delivery facilities and the wise and daring expenditure of enormous advertising appropriations to create and maintain profitable good will.

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"I taught this Sunday School Class how wise investing helps young men succeed"

Joseph H. Hasbrouck, president of the Penn National Bank and Trust Co., Reading, Pa., tells a human story of twenty boys . . . and what happened.

"ABOUT ten years ago," said Mr. Hasbrouck, "I was persuaded to take on, for special instruction, a Sunday School class of about twenty boys, to teach them the principles of safe investing. A fine bunch of boys, they were.

"The purpose of this class was not to make money—although they did make it—but to teach these boys how to invest intelligently and wisely. Each boy put in a certain sum—what he could afford—each week. Every fourth or fifth week we bought another $100 bond. When dividends were declared, each boy was entitled to his pro-rata share.

"I taught them what underlies a bond. I taught them what the various types of bonds are,—real estate bonds, railroad, municipal, public utility—and I taught these boys to read the actual words that are printed on each kind of bond, to know what they really mean.

"But the interesting thing about this class," added Mr. Hasbrouck, "was that while half of these boys were the usual happy-go-lucky fellows, the *other* half were actually interested enough to go on studying the principles I had taught them, and have gone on investing regularly, to this day.

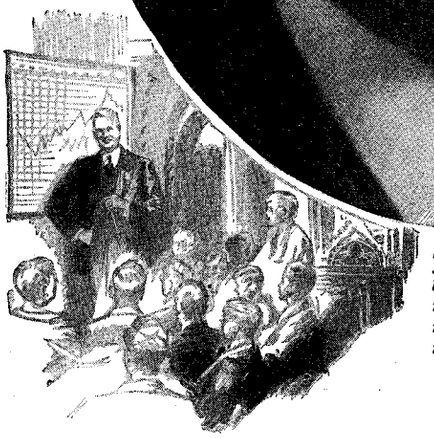
"And most gratifying of all, to me—*two* of these boys—who met in this Sunday School class ten years ago—had each saved and invested so consistently that just recently they were able to start in business for themselves, as partners, on the capital they had amassed.

"This experience was so satisfying," Mr. Hasbrouck concluded, "that I only regret my business affairs no longer permit my doing the same work with other groups of boys.'

* * * *

THE VALUABLE LESSONS Mr. Hasbrouck's Sunday School class was fortunate enough to learn at so early an age, include what every investor should know. Mr. Hasbrouck impressed upon these boys that the *first* principle in investing is *safety*, and that any program of investing to be sound, must, be founded on this principle.

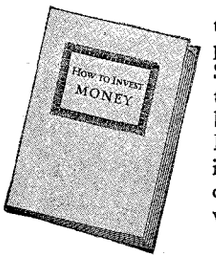
The average investor, in setting up a plan to win a competence for himself, should consult a banker, or a high grade investment house before he buys. Here he will learn how much he can reasonably expect to get, in income, without jeopardizing safety. He will learn how any program of investing should be spread over bonds of various sorts—how the principle of diversification establishes another fundamental safeguard for his money. From the banker, or high grade investment house, too, the average investor can expect an understanding and intelligent diagnosis of his own individual needs.



"I taught these boys to read the actual words that are printed on each kind of bond, to know what they really mean."

Joseph H. Hasbrouck, president of the Penn National Bank and Trust Company, Reading, Pa., is an influential member of the banking profession in Pennsylvania and has taken a prominent part in the industrial and civic development of Reading.

In all sections of the country, in widely differing types of communities, bankers know Straus bonds. Year in and year out, these bankers choose from the offerings of S. W. Straus & Co. for recommendation to their customers and for their own investment needs. In the bonds S. W. Straus & Co. offers are every type of seasoned security—railroad, municipal, real estate, public service, and foreign bonds.



As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How To Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for booklet G-1005.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1882

STRAUS BUILDING
79 Post Street
San Francisco

STRAUS BUILDING
Michigan Ave.
at Jackson Blvd.
Chicago

Copr. 1929—by S.W. Straus & Co.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Summer Reading for the 'Teens

DURING the last ten years more and more really able writers have turned their hands to the writing of books which growing girls and boys enjoy, and which please parents concerned quite as much with the manner in which their children's books are written as with the matter they contain. Added to their natural reward in the matter of large sales, these public-spirited writers have been given the impetus of such yearly awards as the Newbery Medal for "the most distinguished contribution to the literature for children," which was presented for 1928 to Eric P. Kelly, for his thrilling and admirably written tale of medieval Poland, "The Trumpeter of Krakow" (Macmillan). The best historical story on the children's spring list, and one of the best that we have read in many a day, is "The Red Prior's Legacy" by Alfred H. Bill (Longmans). Any one, old or young, who likes a stirring and a touching story will enjoy it. The young hero is the American son of a French nobleman. Even before he goes to France in response to an uncle's request, to marry an heiress and recover the family treasure, he is the object of the murderous plots of an agent of the French revolutionary government. In France, he witnesses the massacre of the Swiss Guards and his life becomes a series of hair-breadth escapes. All ends well, but only after tragedy has touched the hero nearly. The authentic and admirable scenes in old New York and in revolutionary France, the fine characterizations, the fragrant love story and the really moving quality of the tragic incidents make this a book of great distinction in its field. To turn back from France to Gaul, we have "With the Eagles" by Paul J. Anderson (Appleton), a rattling good story of a Gallic boy who joins the Tenth Legion, Caesar's own. Boys reading Latin and thinking not too kindly of Caesar will get a more agreeable impression of him from this book. "The Mystery of the Marsh" by Doris Pocock (Appleton), another story with a background of history, is intended for girls but is exciting enough to please most boys. It is a story of Winchelsea in the Eighteenth Century when the Free Traders of Rye were involved in the famous smuggling mysteries.

"The Poindexter Pride" by Gladys Blake (Appleton) is a "before the War" story of Georgia, colored by the atmosphere of the traditional old South. The proud Poindexters adopt a little girl, but, although they like her, they cannot consider her a true Poindexter. On a visit to the plantation house a secret room is discovered and a mystery solved which changes matters. A fascinating story of pioneer days in the Middle West with a love story which will please the girls and adventures enough for the boys is "The Beckoning Road" by Caroline Dale Snedecker (Doubleday, Doran). This is the story of the Coffyn family of Nantucket who migrate to Indiana in the fifties to join the Utopian colony at New Harmony. They travel to Pittsburgh by covered wagon and down the Ohio on a flat boat. Dency Coffyn's experiences on the journey and her life at New Harmony, where vistas of unsuspected freedom and beauty are opened to her New England eyes, are taken from the author's family records and give a background of truth to a delightful romance. Elsie Singmaster, a writer of long-proved gifts, has written a charming book for girls in "Virginia's Bandit" (Houghton, Mifflin). This is a story of Gettysburg, a scene the author knows and loves, but the heroine is a modern girl and not a Civil War maiden. Her adventures are original, startling and sometimes very funny. Boys and girls who spend their summers in Maine will like to take with them two stories whose setting is that enchanted State. "The Haunted Ship" by Kate Tucker (Macmillan) tells of the adventures of three city children and a "down East" boy who find a ship with weird lights and a strange figurehead stranded on their beach and solve the mystery of its presence. Another story of Maine and mystery, is "Frenchman's Island" by Henry W. Patterson (Century). It tells of three boys who settle down to spend the winter on a lonely island farm off the coast. Their curiosity—and the reader's—is at once aroused by the behavior of a secretive stranger who makes persistent and violent efforts to obtain possession of apparently worthless property. In the end, the boys find out all about it, but only after lively and alarming adventures. Sea and shore are the setting for "A Buccaneer's Log" by C. M. Bennett (Dutton), the kind of a book that boys always like. If it sounds too obvious, remember that even in the log of a pirate ship there may be some unexpected entries. Two fine books for boys who are interested in building things are "Bare Hands" by Hawthorne Daniel (Coward McCann) and "Two Boys in the South American Jungles" by Grace B. Jekyll (Dutton). The first, very ably written, is the story of three men and a boy who are shipwrecked on a desolate part of the Alaskan coast. The castaways construct with their bare hands a steamship out of the flotsam from the wreck. The book is rich in vivid descriptions, and mechanically inclined boys will be thrilled by the detail. Even more remote in setting, the story of the boys who crossed the fever-laden jungles of South America and helped in the building of railroads and bridges far from

An illustration from "The Bastable Children" by E. Nesbit. A grand old book, long out of print, now appearing in a new edition. (Coward-McCann)

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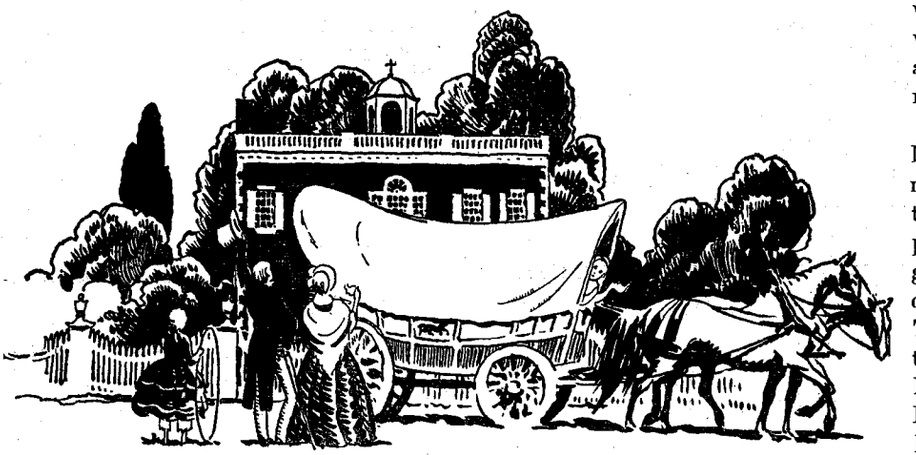
civilization is equally interesting reading. Kent Curtis, an author popular with boys, writes an extra good adventure story in "The Last Wanigan" (Coward McCann). The sixteen-year-old hero and his friend, a half-breed, set out by canoe to track down a dam dynamiter. There is plenty of excitement in the chase after the desperado, through woods and over the spillway of the great dam. And there is a lost treasure, too. "Welcome Stranger" by Neil Cook (Appleton) is a story of Arizona. Jerry the kid, knocking about on his own, falls in with a crabbed old miner. They strike up a friendship and become business partners. The dialogue is breezy and funny. Girls will not care so much for this. Nor is "Harbor Pirates" by Clarence Stratton (Macmillan) a book which girls would enjoy. It is rough and tumble, a jolly, lively yarn of waterfront boys in a great city, great swimmers, handy with their fists, clever with boats. In the end of the book, the boys are grown up and take part in the pursuit of a river pirate.

Before we leave America, there are the short stories selected by May Lamberton Becker in "Golden Tales of Our America" (Dodd, Mead). These fine stories from the works of many authors and about every part of the country are not chosen so much for their literary merit as for their pictures of vanished American scenes. They are not limited in their interest to young people, but Mrs. Becker has arranged them with the hope of showing youth that old things are still good and must be cherished, if new things are to amount to anything.

"Hobnails and Heather" (Harcourt, Brace) is a travel book for boys. Major Clifton Lisle, the author, took his scout troup to England and France a few summers ago. They camped on Dartmoor and in Canterbury Close, visited Mont St. Michel and the battle fields of France. With the skill which has made his adventure stories memorable Major Lisle makes his readers forget, in the thrill of adventures related, that they are learning while they read. "Where It All Comes True in Scandinavia" by Betty and Mary Clara Laughlin (Houghton) is the second volume in the series initiated last year with a book on Switzerland and Italy. These are the best guide books for children which we have seen. In them the Baedeker aspect is made subordinate to such stories of historic places and lovely scenes as will keep the interest of even a travel-weary child.

Besides the books written especially for them, there are books of travel and adventure, some biography and much adult fiction that boys and especially girls in their 'teens will like. Some of the historical fiction recently reviewed in these pages will please them, and two light novels which are published this week are admirably suited to girls. "Visitors to Hugo" by Alice Grant Rosman (Minton, Balch) is an engaging tale of young people in London. Hugo, bed-ridden, receives an odd assortment of visitors and becomes involved in an exciting romance. The plot is simple but original and ingeniously handled. The characters are attractive, the dialogue, natural and amusing, and there is a nice balance of tenderness and mirth in the story; actual chuckles, unless you are blasé, sniffles, unless you are hard-boiled. "Silver Ribbons" by Christine Whiting Parmenter (Henkle) is a story of young people, too, set in New England. It celebrates with gentle sympathy that country of green hills, white villages and strong characters. A plain-spoken old lady, her good and pretty granddaughter, the old doctor and the new one, a tried and true sweetheart, local lights and shadows and a situation in regard to the old homestead which is suspiciously like the time-honored mortgage: these make up a placid well-written story for a summer's afternoon.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.



An illustration by Manning de V. Lee, from "The Beckoning Road" by Caroline Dale Snedecker (Doubleday, Doran)

Books in the Summer Nursery

CONSIDERING how much a book like "From Morning Till Night," by Mabel Pyne (Stokes) has been needed in a nursery, the wonder is that it was not made before. Any one with a two-year-old to amuse reaches instinctively for a magazine, knowing that the advertising pages are good for unlimited rapture so long as they provide anything that can be identified as a dog, a choo-choo or Papa. Miss Pyne has made a book that wastes no time on text, arranging every object that a baby sees from the time its eyes open till they close at night, one bright picture to a page; some of these will be marked with the kisses with which the work of artists is at this age rewarded.

There are several little books with not much more text than this, whose brilliant pictures are held together with hand-drawn lettering. The prettiest of these is "Noisy Nora," by Hugh Lofting of Dr. Dolittle fame. (Stokes). Nora's noisiness is in her method of feeding; she eats with her mouth open. One animal after another gives good reasons why she cannot be allowed to spoil the manners of its children—"it sounded like a seal coming up for air"—and at last she is isolated in the middle of a large field where with nothing to distract her mind she hears herself chew—and reforms directly. The colored pictures are charming, and the moral tone is like an honest poke in the ribs, such as children give each other's table manners. "The Greedy Goroo" by Edith Rickert (Doubleday) is another morality: "if you sat down and thought for a week you could *not* think how fat he was," and he was even greedier than that; as a result a magician looks at him in a *very* peculiar way and before you know it he lands in the moon. "A Monkey Tale" by Hamilton Williamson (Doubleday, Doran) has no moral purpose but any amount

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of color; the monkey tells of his escape from a crocodile, in pictures and hand-lettering, a sentence to a page. "The Runaway Sardine" with pictures and hand-lettered text by Emma L. Brock (Knopf) is the uproarious journey of a sardine who lives in a tub in a cottage in Brittany and rolls end-for-end to the sea—and back again rather than have the family mourn his loss; the pictures, especially of the weeping family, cat and all, are really funny; they have the rough, broad effect of cartoons.

There are monkeys and crocodiles in Dhan Gopal Mukerji's "Hindu Tales" (Dutton), a book that comes a little further up the age-scale and is the first this distinguished author has made for very little children. The animals in it are remembered from tales told him by his nurse in India, and have something of the same delicate individuality one finds in the friends and playmates of Brer Rabbit; there are good Indian rabbits here, too. I think St. Francis of Assisi would have liked Mr. Mukerji's animals. Kurt Wiese makes good pictures of them. He also illustrates a story about a little boy who eats himself small like Alice and has adventures among insects; this is "Down in the Grass" by Harold Kellock (Coward McCann); it is not a nature story, just an adventure.

I am glad to find a translation of Mme. de Segur's "Les Malheures de Sophie" among the new books, as "Sophie: the story of a bad little girl" (Knopf) for this perennial French favorite should be in the possession of our children—who have no doubt the interest that good children always take in the administration of justice to "bad" ones. Sophie, however, is an innocent sinner; the worst she does is to melt the face off her doll, give the tortoise a disastrous bath, and a dozen things like that; her mother is an understanding soul and usually sets things right again, and the book keeps its sweetness in the new language. Sophie comes to America in the last chapter—not, I hasten to say, as the penalty of her actions; she is four when the tale begins and eight when it ends. "Nannette of the Wooden Shoes" by Esther Brann (Macmillan) is a new book about a little French girl, not far from Sophie's age; she lives in Brittany, sleeps in a built-in bed, eats onion soup and has pleasant adventures much like our own country children; there are many colored pictures. The scene of "Miki," by the Petershams (Doubleday, Doran) is Hungary, and the authors have made the book and illustrated it in the most brilliant hues evidently to show their own little boy (who appears in it) what their home country looks like; the little fellow travels with gypsies and sees shepherds, green geese and the sights of Budapest, and the spirit is fairy-like. "The Three White Cats of Avignon" by Anna Bird Stewart (Doubleday, Doran) is for a trifle older readers and would indeed do for any age, as the cats live in the city of the Papal Palace and the bridge that has been set to music and danced to as we dance to London Bridge, and these pets are taken about to see all these sights by their owner, a little boy. I found it full of leads for sight-seeing.

Somewhere about this age comes the charming little book, "What Daddies Do," by Robert Livingston (Houghton, Mifflin) for, though it will no doubt be read aloud to very little children, it is not too hard for one beginning to read. The occupations of men are described in verses with a picture for each, so if your imagination is for postmen or firemen, for soldiers, milkmen or the clergy, there you are. "Plain Jane," an amusing book of verse (Dutton) is the feminine counterpart of Christopher Robin's; evidently there are other children like the little girl out West who told me please to ask that hero why all the little girls in his book were naughty. Plain Jane is a nice child, but not too quiet. "All About Me" (Houghton, Mifflin) is another good book of little-child verses, by John Drinkwater; it covers a child's London from Rotten Row to the Royal Family.

Some good animal stories come from near home: "Rusty Pete" by Nina Nicol, illustrated with spirited silhouettes by Doris Fogler (Macmillan), is the story of a real cow pony, two half-grown children, and the life of the Lazy B Ranch and surroundings. Any one who likes horses will find it most attractive. "Holiday Pond," by Edith M. Patch (Macmillan) is nature-study with real photographs, and any child who lives near a pond would find it entrancing: it has insects, fish, animals and flowers like the arrowhead and cowlily, and little children find life itself strange enough without fairyfying it.

The fairy-tale age is provided with material in "The Treasure of Carcassonne," by A. Robida (Longmans, Green) which has also a treasure-hunt in this famous thousand-year-old walled town, and by the Polish fairy-tales in "The Jolly Tailor," by Lucia Mirecka Bersky and Kate Miller (Longmans, Green) which are uncommonly bright and robust, with snatches of rhyme here and there. "Wonder Tales from Baltic Wizards" by Frances Jenkins Olcott (Longmans, Green) introduces authentic stories from Finland, Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania as if told in a congress of wizards, with all the magic and gong-banging of Shamanism. A teacher could use this as outside reading for a geography class, and in the appendix are suggestions for other books on this section adapted to young readers. "Prince Bantam" by May McNeer and Lynd Ward (Macmillan) is a beautiful big book with drawings in the Japanese manner—one full-page in color—telling a famous hero-tale of Japan so well that young people will enjoy it and so accurately that older readers may respect it as authentic

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

Young Mrs. Greeley, by Booth Tarkington: Doubleday, Doran. A brilliant sketch of a common type, the little fool, stuffed with the cheap and nasty pastry of the tabloids and the movies and suffering from indigestion. Reviewed June 12.

The Romantic Prince, by Rafael Sabatini: Houghton, Mifflin. Burgundy under Charles the Bold is the setting for a picturesque and pleasing romance. Reviewed June 19th.

The Wild Bird, by Maud Diver: Houghton, Mifflin. This story of how a wild bird of a girl was tamed by life and love is commonplace in style and content. Reviewed June 5th.

Scarlet Sister Mary, by Julia Peterkin: Bobbs Merrill. Native material is used with poetic grace in this moving story of plantation life. Reviewed November 21.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant: Simon and Schuster. Durant is good enough as a popular historian of philosophy, but doesn't amount to much as a philosopher, himself. Reviewed June 19.

Salt Water Taffy, by Corey Ford: Putnam. A funny if over-long parody of the "Cradle of the Deep."

The Art of Thinking, by Abbe Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8th.

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folk-lore. There is fun in the giant who goes about with Prince Bantam, and any amount of fighting in the good old broadsword manner; there is also a hint that the hero may have gone off afterward and become Genghis Khan.

I have room for two informative books, very different: "The Box Book" by Hazel Showalter (Macmillan) shows what to do with all those little boxes children love to collect; I did not know what treasures of furniture and mechanical toys could be concocted from them without money spent. The other is the best book for little children on the beginnings of life that I have yet seen: "How You Began" by Amabel Williams Ellis (Coward, McCann). It is based on the fact that the human embryo passes in its prenatal existence through the successive stages of the evolutionary process; by a simple, straightforward account of this a small child is put on good terms with the rest of creation simultaneously with getting the news of his own beginning. It is an introduction to biology, and I hear from several librarians that it is proving to be just what they need.

MAY LAMBERTON BECKER.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Eric Brett Young's Dancing Beggars Lippincott

The hero of this thriller is a curate named Gosling, whose interest in parties suspected of murdering a yachtsman with a heavy blunt instrument leads him into some most irregular situations. This is one of those irritating stories which are perfectly reasonable until you come to the explanation. We just don't believe the murder was done in that way, nor for that motive. Otherwise, well written.

Marmaduke Pickthall's Oriental Encounters Knopf

Western travelers, officials and business men in Eastern lands take a certain natural pride and pleasure in viewing the people, customs and religion of such countries as absurd, outlandish and untrustworthy. How otherwise, indeed, has the word "outlandish" —which means simply "foreign"—come to carry with it a flavor of something ridiculous and contemptible? The "natives" are always childish, corrupt and unreliable. Such thinking is a cheap and easy way of disposing of anything which clashes with our own point of view—much easier than trying to understand. It smoothes the ruffled egos of practically all travelers in foreign parts. But occasionally a traveler returns and tells a different tale. He has been perhaps young and foolish; he has not heeded the counsels of older heads, experienced in native wiles; he has taken the natives as he has found them, stubbornly believing, although every one has assured him to the contrary, that they are what they appear to be—human beings like himself.

Mr. Pickthall was such a traveler. He went to Syria because he wanted to know the natives. "I ran completely wild for months," he says, "in a manner unbecoming to an Englishman; and when at last I turned up in Jerusalem and used my introductions, it was in semi-native garb, and with a love for Arabs, which, I was made to understand, was hardly decent. My native friends were objects of suspicion. I was told that they were undesirable, and when I stood up for them, was soon put down by the retort that I was very young. I could not obviously claim as much experience as my mature advisers, whose warnings to me to distrust the people of the country thus acquired the force of moral precepts, which it is the secret joy of youth to disobey."

And so he wandered up and down the country in company with Rashid, his servant, whom he bought out of the Turkish army, and his friend, Suleyman, the dragoman. This book contains his recollections of that time. And quite aside from the fact that it shows an unusual understanding of a different point of view, it is one of the best books we have read in a long time.

Stewart Beach's Short-Story Technique Houghton Mifflin

The thing we like best about this book is its frank admission that it offers no magic short cut to the pages of the big popular magazines, that short-story writing is both a craft and an art, and that only the craft can be taught. It "pretends to nothing more than an analysis of the various factors which must be fused in a short story, and the manner in which that fusion is accomplished." And it discusses these factors clearly, entertainingly, and without graphs, charts, ready reckoners or mechanical plot constructors.

"Extraordinary"!

ANDREW JOHNSON

A Study in Courage

By Lloyd Paul Stryker

"Monumental . . . The work is thorough and scholarly . . . it presents a picture of the political horizon of the '60s that is not to be equaled in any other work of similar scope."—*New York Herald Tribune*

"It is interesting. It is fascinating. It is entertaining . . . (The reviewer) is ready to award it the Pulitzer biography prize for 1929 without reading any of the rest . . . He is almost ready to say that Parkman and Prescott and Macaulay never wrote anything better. If there are any other ways of saying that this is a book that should be in every gentleman's library, consider them said."—*Chicago Evening Post*

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Who Won the War?

As Answered by Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IT is impossible to understand what really happened at the recent Reparations Conference without having read "Versailles" by Karl Friedrich Nowak (Payson & Clarke, Ltd. $5). The young German historian shows how the German plenipotentiary, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, was successfully upholding the thesis that the Versailles settlement should not be a dictated, but a negotiated, peace, when his home government allowed itself to be bluffed or frightened into signing without demur. So the German delegation knuckled under and signed against their conviction that a firm stand would have won leniency. Rochus Von Rheinbuben, in his "Stresemann: The Man and the Statesman" (Appleton. $3), points out that the present German Foreign Secretary, one of the architects of Locarno, had come out strongly for unrestricted submarine warfare and had been the leader of that forlorn little group at Weimar which voted against ratification of the Treaty of Versailles. Stresemann, according to his biographer, did not believe that half-measures during the War nor self-abasement after it were the best ways of winning respect for Germany.

Herr Nowak's views have had much currency in the Reich and Herr Stresemann cannot have missed the lesson of Erzberger's abject surrender in 1919. At the recent Reparations negotiations in Paris, it is obvious that the German experts maintained the policy advocated by Brockdorff-Rantzau and his prophet Nowak, with Stresemann's endorsement. They held out for a negotiated as against a dictated settlement. In the face of a world-wide press campaign against them, in which the American press—surprisingly enough—took a violent part, and in the face of the heaviest sort of pressure on the German gold reserves, Schacht and Stresemann declined to sign on the dotted line and won out on every single major point at issue. One cannot help speculating whether similar tactics at Versailles might not have produced a better treaty and a more satisfactory decade than the one which has elapsed since the fatal document was signed.

Those were the days when it was still possible to admit, in Allied circles, that the United States had won the War and, through its financial and economic power, could have won the peace. George Seldes, in his extraordinary book, "You Can't Print That" (Payson & Clarke, $4), describes an unauthorized and suppressed interview with Von Hindenburg just after the Armistice, during which the German commander said:

"The American infantry in the Argonne won the war . . . " and proceeded to explain himself in detail. "We were passing through the neck of a vast bottle. But the neck was narrow. German and American divisions fought each other to a standstill in the Argonne. . . . The day came when the American command sent new divisions into the battle and when I had not even a broken division to plug up the gaps. There was nothing left to do but ask terms. . . . From a military point of view the Argonne battle as conceived and carried out by the American Command was the climax of the War and its deciding factor."

In the light of this statement, it is particularly interesting to read two recent studies of the French and British Commanders. "Field-Marshal Earl Haig" by Brigadier-General John Charteris (Scribner, $6) presents the novel thesis that Haig won the War. "Foch Speaks" by Major Charles Bugnet, aide-de-camp to Marshal Foch, (Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press), is written on the assumption that Foch is the greatest captain of the World War. To question that Foch won it would be simple lunacy to Major Bugnet.

CHARTERIS GIVES a straightforward, "back to the wall" account of his hero. Haig was British as they come, thorough, dogged, dour, a hard fighter without the curse of imagination, who trusted his army and who was served well by his men. In the terrible fighting of 1918 there was more than a touch of "Blücher or night" about Haig and the American reinforcement, and his final magnificent surge forward over the Hindenburg line, when Foch was still talking of the campaign of 1919, was pure Waterloo. In both cases, the action was decided by Allies operating on the flank of the foe, but the charge of the Scots Greys and the Hindenburg assault are the stuff that sticks in the history books. If Haig did not win the War, it can be said that it would have been lost without him.

"Foch Speaks" is an unusual and stimulating piece of work. Bugnet pieces together from Foch's own words the character of the Generalissimo of 1918 and shows that his "gifts" were the homely ones of hard work, organization and thoroughness, the will to win and the intelligence to see what the real problem was. The book, as a result, savors of a practical philosophy of workaday life, with its ringing insistence upon "an object, a plan, and a method." Foch scorned praise, particularly the statement that he had won the War. All that he did was to act as the conductor of an orchestra, he said, adding that you could say, if you liked, that he "beat time well." His coolness in the great emergency which called him to the supreme command, of which the Armistice and the Treaty of Versailles were the results, he dismissed in the following words: "The major problems? I handle them as if they were minor. It is not difficult. The method is always the same."

HIS METHOD was the elimination of guess-work, resolution of a problem to its component parts, analysis, synthesis and judgment. His object was to obtain the Rhine frontier for France and his plan was a tactful co-ordination of the converging attacks of the British, French and American Armies upon the over-extended and crumbling German front. Nevertheless, the laurels of this typical Frenchman, who was about as imaginative as the multiplication table and as excitable as the cube root of x, have faded. His lack of magnanimity to the beaten foe, his desire to create a new Alsace-Lorraine in a French Rhineland, his belief that the Treaty of Versailles was a "minimum," set him apart from the world's greatest conquerors and leave him what he was, the finest flower of that generation of French army men who dedicated their lives and fortunes to revenge in the fifty years which intervened between Sedan and Versailles. The Rhine for which he fought is still a German river; the Treaty which he regarded as a "minimum" is slowly being overgrown by the new life of Europe; and the foe whom he conquered, within ten years have shown themselves able to negotiate with the victors as equals in adjusting the distended and over-ambitious Allied claims for reparation. But Foch's code of conduct and method of work will influence the thought of France and of the world for generations yet unborn. Therein is his glory and his reward.

JOHN CARTER.

Little "Ads"

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IN MANY ways our stage—despite its critics—offers a much clearer view of what is going on in American society than does the press; mainly, we imagine, because free speech in the theatre is considerably less curbed than is the printed word.

According to the theatre, everybody drinks. Prohibition doesn't exist, except in the form of the struggle between bootleggers and the enforcement agents. The saloon is still with us, although it is called the speakeasy. Good old-fashioned love is still extant despite all the new forms of social ideas on matrimony.

Now, if we are to believe "Nice Women," at the Longacre Theatre, the ideas on sex which are expressed by modern young women, would cause the older generation to lose what hair they can still boast of. The flapper daughter reads her poor old, benighted and much abused father a curtain lecture on sex freedom and modern psychology.

"Where do you get all this stuff?" demands poor old father in bewildered exasperation.

"Why, they teach it to us in the public schools," she replies scornfully.

"They do!" he exclaims. "Well, no wonder they can't get seats enough for the pupils!"

By which we do not mean that "Nice Women" is a treatise on anything in particular. Entertaining plays merely mirror life in passing—and "Nice Women," despite its faults and some woodenness both in the character drawing and acting, is decidedly in this category.

It is a slight and impossible affair, of course. In the simplest terms, it is the ancient desire of a mother to marry her daughter to money, so that her daughter will not have the same hard struggle in life which she, the mother, has had. The daughter, however, is naturally in love with a young man who is not the ideal young man, so that the combined efforts of the family are necessary to force her to pursue the proper course.

The situation is as old as the hills. In "Nice Women" the distinguishing factor is that the author has concentrated on making it as difficult as possible for the daughter not to follow the dictates and appeals of her family. For Father is employed by the proper young man and the young lover is employed by this proper young man. If the daughter does not marry this man, then, you see, mother will be unable to pay the servant, father will lose his job, her lover will be thrown out of work, and her younger sister will be compelled to wear forever the one cheap dress which she has succeeded in getting so far through life.

Yes, it is all just as wooden as that; and would be very poor, indeed, were it not for the flapper daughter, played by Sylvia Sydney, and the remarkably well drawn character of poor old father, played by George Barbier. However, with father asking questions, and the flapper answering them, matters take a considerable turn for the better, particularly once the flapper is allowed her chance at the rich young man—which she gets and makes use of to the audience's satisfaction.

It seems that the rich young man has not been an entirely good young man. A beautiful blond walks right into his house, and you gather that she has been there a great many times before. All is over between them, because the rich young man is now through with "all that sort of thing," and has an overpowering desire to marry a virgin wife. This advantage is possessed by the elder daughter, but it is also possessed by the flapper, so that when the inevitable truth comes out, which is that the elder daughter doesn't love the young man and loves the poor young man and is no longer a virgin, the sting is taken out of the disappointment for the rich young man by the flapper daughter who offers to supply all—and we presume does.

We didn't know as we left the theatre whether we were supposed to infer that all nice women act like this—whether they try to sell their daughters into unhappy marriages for the sake of money, or whether they lie to the man they are about to marry, or whether nowadays they learn all about the facts of life in public schools and tell them to the first attractive young man they meet.

Nevertheless, once its unreality is granted, "Nice Women" becomes very entertaining. When we say that the rich and desirable young man was played by Robert Warwick, most of our feminine readers will understand why all the women in the play wanted him—not even barring mother. Only an excellent actor could make genuine a part which if written by W. S. Gilbert would have been considered a satire.

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In a Forthcoming Issue

Trade with Russia Becomes Respectable

By JONATHAN MITCHELL

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Innocents of Paris"

THIS is a film that should have been seen and reported on by this department at least two months ago.

The plain fact is—we had seen and heard M. Maurice Chevalier in person at the Midnight Frolic of M. Ziegfeld, and we hated like sin to spoil it all by seeing him and hearing him in what we confidently believed would be a disappointing picture. Before proceeding further, let us say right now that we have just sat through one complete performance of "Innocents of Paris" and enjoyed virtually every minute of it.

M. Chevalier is on the screen nearly all the time, and his celluloid self is just as unique and disarming as the flesh-and-blood edition of him. The screen play that surrounds his appearance is not good but it isn't actively objectionable, and Richard Wallace's direction is all one could wish for. These things, however, are of vast unimportance. You will go to "Innocents of Paris" to see one of the most charming and unusual entertainers the world has ever produced, and the picture itself will neither bore nor please you. You simply won't notice it.

Maurice Chevalier has been "discovered" by so many various superspecies of intelligentsia, and so much has been written about him from angles philosophical, physiological, æsthetic and significant, that one might expect a copy of Kant to walk out on the screen.

Instead, you will see a gay young Frenchman with white teeth and slim, athletic build. You will chuckle delightedly within yourself before he says or sings a word. Then he will begin, in French and English, to treat you to some of the most gorgeous effusions of pure personality you have ever sat through. He talks engaging broken English and he sings songs, romantic and outrageous, in a certain way that you will not have known about before.

He could entertain Kings or Capones with equal guile and has done so, without doubt, many times. He could charm birds from the trees and we have personally seen Follies girls clustered in the wings to listen to him.

Of the cast that supports Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris" we remember George Fawcett and Margaret Livingston—not that they did anything, but just because we have seen each of them "steal the show" more than once; so we kept half an eye apiece on them. But people don't steal shows from Maurice Chevalier, even when they are given better opportunities than the two stalwarts above mentioned were accorded in "Innocents of Paris." He could stand in a line of chorus men and keep every eye and ear in the theatre on him, throughout a performance of any sort you care to imagine, from "Lohengrin" to the current Columbia Burlesque show; and all he would have to do would be to act natural.

"The Idle Rich"

WE, FOR OUR own part, enjoyed this picture extremely. It is based on a stage play called "White Collars," that flourished rather wanly some seasons back but which we remember liking. The movie version is all talking, and features Conrad Nagel, Bessie Love and Leila Hyams.

Mr. Nagel plays the part of Bill Van Luyn, a young millionaire who marries Joan Thayer, his pretty secretary (Miss Hyams.) She, afraid that the disparity in their positions will lead to trouble, induces him to come for a time and live with her comic, tragic, middle-class family in their uncomfortable flat.

This he does with excellent grace, and tries to convert his in-laws to the wisdom of letting him take care of them. But they won't. They are too stiff-necked to accept anything from any one.

So he finally informs them that he is giving away all his money, and the results of this announcement make the very astute and amusing dénouement.

Mr. Nagel is extremely good as the young Midas, with a ready sense of humor and an equally ready right hook. He used to be more clean-cut and less actory-looking than he has recently become, possibly by reason of a little excess weight and a little curly mustache.

Bessie Love's performance is regrettably uneven, in the part of Joan's flapper sister. At times she gives evidence that her extraordinary work in "The Broadway Melody" wasn't a flash in the pan, but at other times she appears to have given her rôle insufficient thought.

Leila Hyams is a pretty girl and invested Joan, the sweet bride and secretary, with a great deal of appeal.

We like the picture, as we said, very much. It's light and it's unassuming, but it's excellent summer fare.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THE Duo-Tor is a new automatic combined hot-water heater and garbage and rubbish incinerator, which burns gas, and the cost of operating which, according to careful tests, is practically the same as that of a simple storage hot-water heater. The comparative sizes of combustion chamber and water tank have been worked out on the principle that the amount of hot water used in any home bears a definite relationship to the amount of garbage accumulated—both depending on the number of people who live in the home. The Duo-Tor is entirely automatic; you simply put the garbage in the hopper whenever you wish and the thermostat which maintains the water at a definite temperature turns the gas on and off, heating the water and burning the garbage. A hot water chamber surrounds the combustion chamber, so that all the heat is used, and no high temperatures are developed. From the point of view of sanitation, this incinerator seems to us to be excellent. Since there is always a temperature of at least 140° in the hopper, decomposition cannot take place, and the garbage dries out very quickly. The Duo-Tor is made in four sizes, for houses or apartments having one, two or three bathrooms, and for a very small house having one bathroom. It stands just under four feet high, and is well adapted to first floor installation. It would seem to be well adapted to apartment houses, since it eliminates the unsanitary garbage chute.

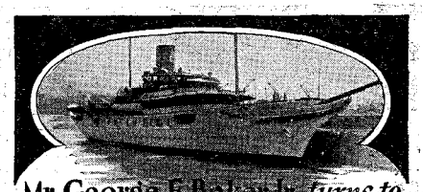
WE NOTE that the Brownie camera has come out in colors, with leather cases to match each color. The advertisement says that there are "five colors—each in the most approved shade." Of course they mean the most approved shade of each color, but for a moment it did sound like a contradiction in terms, didn't it? And the descriptions of the colors in the advertisement are almost better than the colors themselves. Listen to this. "Gray. A warm friendly tone reminiscent of the first sky-tints of a July dawn." "Brown. Achieved by cleverly mixing the deeper tints of hazelnut with the tan of well-bronzed complexions." Get that? "The deeper tints of the hazelnut." There is observation for you. We bet you didn't even know that the hazelnut had even one deeper tint, to say nothing of several. We'd never noticed it, and we've examined thousands of hazelnuts, too, in our day. And it's the same way with the tints of the July dawn. We haven't examined so many of them of late years, but we've a lot of admiration for the man who wrote that. Fancy him setting his alarm clock for three o'clock every morning last July just so he could get the correct dope on July dawns! Flaubert is reported often to have spent days in the search for the right word, but here's a man who makes Flaubert look like a slovenly amateur—and he can't even sign his stuff, either.

WELL, we mustn't get too enthusiastic. This is no gray July dawn; it's a roaring hot June midday, and our office fan has just broken down. So let us chronicle for you the electric room cooler, just brought out by the Frigidaire people. It looks sort of like a radio cabinet, and is for use in homes and offices. A fan pulls the air over the cooling tubes and distributes it about the room. It also reduces humidity and helps humanity.

WE ARE TOLD that women who like to take shower baths are sometimes deterred from that practice by the danger of getting their hair wet. There's a new Fold-a-Round cap which fastens easily and quickly and which will keep the hair absolutely dry under the most vicious shower.

SAFTO BAGS are heavy tubular brown canvas bags, impregnated with moth killer, which are made specially for packing rugs away during the summer months. They have black leather handles, and black leather frames for cards on which to write a description of the contents. The lengths are 12 feet 6 inches and 10 feet 6 inches. Diameter in both cases 11 inches.

DECREASE in the weight of women's garments for summer proceeds apace, as whoever, having eyes, may use the same and see; and now further to lighten the already almost imperceptible burden comes cork jewelry for beach and sports wear. No doubt some enterprising manufacturer, observing the trend of the times, will put on the market balloon jewelry. Very interesting and attractive necklaces, pendants and so on could be made of small colored balloons, and if filled with helium gas would no doubt reduce the weight of the entire costume to zero.



Mr. George F. Baker Jr. *turns to*

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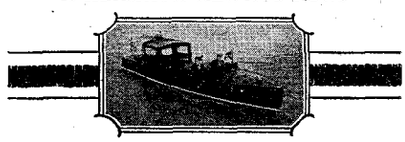

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

"RUSSIA, at the moment, is doing more business, on more liberal credits, with us than with any other country, except Germany." This statement in Mr. Jonathan Mitchell's leading article, in the next issue, "Trade With Russia Becomes Respectable," is somewhat surprising as the facts about our trade relations with Russia are not well known. Mr. Mitchell, formerly foreign correspondent of the "New York World," and now engaged in the advertising business, predicts tremendous industrial development in Russia.

IS MANKIND the culminating product of the process of evolution or can we reasonably look forward to further development? Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, internationally famous anthropologist, and curator of the National Museum, discusses this question in an editorial which he will contribute to the next issue. Dr. Hrdlicka not only foresees the possibility of further human evolution, but also, as an anthropologist, he sees the actual process in progress at the moment.

IT IS JUST POSSIBLE that some of our subscribers have undergone expensive operations at the hands of medical specialists. Dr. Logan Clendening, the prominent physician and author of "The Human Body," thinks that the specialists are overdoing it. In his article, "Has the Specialist Failed?" Dr. Clendening predicts that salvation will only be found in a return to the general practitioner.

IF YOU LIKE to "make whoopee" or to know the latest celebrities to be "that way" about each other, or to follow the development of the American "slanguage" we are certain that you will like Mr. Harry Salpeter's portrait of Walter Winchell which will appear next week. In his article, "Town Gossip," Mr. Salpeter, who is an associate literary editor of the "New York World" and a frequent magazine contributor, gives an amusing and informative account of the well known columnist of the "New York Mirror."

FINALLY WE BEG to remind you that Mr. Herbert Asbury's biography of Carrie Nation, "The Background of a Crusader," will appear serially very shortly.

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Shoe Laces

HE opened his eyes unexpectedly in the middle of the night and, staring wide awake into the darkness, began to think about life. He had lived a long time. He had learned so much that he could scarcely remember at all. Everything, in fact, but one.

From where he lay he could hear the mysterious whisper of the midnight city. It would be beautiful out there, full of stars and diamonds, of softly rushing motor cars and musical bells. The people who went out at night were not the same ones that hurried by daytime through the streets. He knew exactly how they would look, the gay and insolent manner in which they walked and rode, tossed their shining heads and moved their hands. The shimmering floating stuffs in which they were clothed—their dazzling smiles—he knew them all by heart.

He lay and considered that thing which he could not learn, and which kept him from going out among them. He could not tie his shoes. Beside him, on another cot, his older brother breathed heavily in his sleep. His older brother could manage it. Many a time he had watched him, holding one string in a loop, twisting the other carefully about it, and lo! pulling out the two of them into a beautiful bow. His older brother was four. He himself was three and he knew everything else. But his fingers could not bend and hold the shoe lace—his eyes could never follow the trick. He could never learn to tie his shoes.

He sat up in his bed and listened. The night outside was exciting. He breathed it in—he felt it all the way down to his tingling fingertips. In the dim light that flickered through the window he could just make out the huddle of his clothes where he had dropped them on a chair. On the floor beneath his shoes stood, stiff and mocking. Outside the boats called to each other—in the distance he heard the shrill, gay cry of a fire engine. He pushed the bedclothes from his knees, he swung his feet softly to the floor—he stood naked in the warm air from the window and reached cautiously for his clothes.

He came finally to his shoes. For a moment he hesitated. Might he go without them? Then he recovered his imagination and his pride. He would be noticed—he would be arrested. He set his teeth and leaning over pushed his feet into his shoes. The shoe laces, he ignored. He was going to see the city. He started out.

However cautiously he stole along, they clicked behind him on the floor. They clattered on the stairs and snarled and tripped him at the front door. He caught himself in time to save his nose and struggled hurriedly to unwind them from his feet and gather them about his ankles. But they had no mind to help him and only drooped listlessly on the pavement. All right. He would pretend they were not there.

Across the street he looked back over his shoulder at the sleeping house. To his horror it opened an eye and looked at him. Another eye. And yet another. One by one all those windows blinked alight and stared at him, alone on the dark pavement, his shoe laces untied. In one direction waited the river with its boats. In the other all the lights of the great city streamed and glowed. Clatter—clatter! went the shoe laces. His legs were flying toward the city.

The shoe laces drooped no longer now. They leapt and darted like needles, stinging his ankles, stabbing his legs. Behind him was the sound of running feet. He turned desperately and fell into an empty doorway, and held his breath and hugged his knees.

Now he could see them—the neighbors! Hurriedly dressed, with anxious looks and tousled hair they ran along the street past his hiding place.

"He must be stolen!" one was saying breathlessly. "He could never tie his shoes—"

As he heard them, his heart that had been beating high with hope and adventure, turned suddenly to stone inside his breast. How could he reach those great lights now? The gayety and glitter that waited just beyond him would only turn him back again. The whole world knew about his shoes.

He sat quietly in the black doorway, his cheek upon his knees, and let his heart break slowly. Slowly he relinquished his dreams and schemes.

After a long while he rose drearily. But he had reached only the nearest street lamp when he heard a voice. An eager voice calling his name—bearing down upon him.

He stopped and stared at the pavement. Helpless and bedraggled his shoe laces stared back at him. He stood quite still and waited for her hand upon his shoulder.

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Outlook and Independent Classified Section

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A camp for the lovers of the out-of-doors. Refined surroundings. Good table. Large living-hall. Cottages and tents for sleeping. Boats and canoes. Black bass fishing. Hikes into the woods. Nights around the campfire. Everything comfortable and homelike. CHAS. T. McEYER, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton Co., N.Y.

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Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room
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Cars of every make for hire. Chauffeur or "Drive your own car" arrangement. Offices in leading cities. Free advice. Personal attention. Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau or
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Select Summer Tours $790 and up
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WANTED—Two assistants in a small Home for Children. One to take charge of nursery and one to assist the Superintendent. Interesting work in congenial and delightful surroundings. Apply to Box 406, Summit, New Jersey.

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SUMMER BOARDERS wanted on a farm. Quiet, restful and secluded. Prices reasonable. Mrs. W. J. Gilmore, Crystal Spring Farm, Wallingford, Vermont.

WANTED. A permanent boarder. Modern improvements. Electric lights, bath and hot water heat. Good home cooking. Pawling, New York. 9154 Outlook and Independent.

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ENGLISHWOMAN, cultured, capable, able to drive car, nursing experience, widely traveled, highest references, desires position. 9116 Outlook and Independent.

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COLLEGE graduate, with additional secretarial training and experience, desires position as secretary in school, college or business connection. E.G.A. Hood College, Frederick, Maryland.

PRACTICAL NURSE—housekeeper, desires care of semi-invalid lady. Country or seashore preferred. 9138 Outlook and Independent.

Miscellaneous

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

Stationery

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

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Yours truly,
C. E. K."

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OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT TRAVEL BUREAU
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Beethoven: A Biography

(Continued from Page 387)

authorization. If he had, he might have made the first important Beethoven biography a more trustworthy and readable affair than Schindler did.

"Milord" Falstaff was not the only one in those days to be singed by the blasts of Beethoven's temperament. Wolanek, his Bohemian copyist, endured so many insults that he finally ventured a politely ironic missive in defense of his remaining rags of manhood. "He was inclined," he wrote, "to overlook Beethoven's conduct with a smile. In the ideal world of tone there reign so many dissonances; why not as well in the world of reality? One firm conviction alone comforts me; that if you had been copyist to those celebrated artists Mozart and Haydn you would have shared a like fate. I only beg you not to confuse me with those wretches of copyists who are glad to be treated as slaves just for a bare subsistence."

In reply nothing would do but to make this worm who dared to turn feel one hundred per cent incompetent and contemptible. On every available inch of this remonstrance, the Master gave vent to his "hearty, free" fancy in the following endorsements, which may still be studied in the Beethovenhaus at Bonn:

"Stupid fellow, conceited asinine fellow!" he scrawled across the writing, in letters two inches high. Then on the lower margin: "Pay compliments to such a ragamuffin who steals one's money?—better to pull his donkey-ears!" And on the blank reverse page:

> Botching-Scribbler!
> Stupid Fellow!
>
> Correct the blunders your own ignorance, insolence, conceit and stupidity have perpetrated. This would be more fitting than wishing to teach me, for that is exactly as if a sow should attempt giving lessons to MINERVA.
>
> Beethoven.
>
> Do YOU do Mozart and Haidn *the honor* of not taking *their* names into your mouth.
>
> Yesterday and even before then, it was decided *not to have you write any more* for me.

One cannot help feeling that the poor copyist came out of this encounter first-best by a safe margin.

But let us cheerfully accept the bitter parts of Beethoven with the sweet, recognizing that they were all necessary ingredients of this particular genius. Let us be as large-minded here as Clara Schumann was about the bearishness of her friend Brahms. "She was always ready to pay the price which the creative artist has a right to ask of the world, as an inconsiderable token of thanks for his gifts, namely: consideration in his hours of creation." We do not expect a woman in travail to pay close attention to the precepts of the book of etiquette. And men like Brahms and Beethoven were constantly in travail.

BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE IN BONN
From the AudioGraphic roll of Beethoven's life, by permission of the Aeolian Company

When we are repelled by the Master's churlishness, his dishonesty, his priggishness or any of his other disturbing traits, let us remember that, as Lord Macaulay remarked about Clive, exceptional men must not be judged by ordinary standards. And let us read again, as a possible antidote for ethical provinciality, these tender, wise and comprehending words written by Reichardt:

"It often grieves me to the bottom of my heart when I see this thoroughly good, excellent man gloomy and suffering, although I am convinced, on the other hand, that his most original works can only be created in such peevish, bad-tempered moods. People who are able to enjoy his works should never lose sight of this, and refuse to take offense at any of his outer peculiarities. Otherwise they can never in reality be his true admirers."

In April and May, 1825, Beethoven was ill. Inflammation of the bowels threatened. Nevertheless he kept hard at the A minor quartet. This was written second of the last five, though by mistake it was numbered Opus 132. Over the *molto adagio* beginning of the slow movement he wrote: *"Heiliger Dankgesang eines Genesenen an die Gottheit, in der Lydischen Tonart"* (Holy song of thanksgiving to the Godhead, by one recovered from sickness, in the Lydian mode.) And over the first *andante* interlude: *Neue Kraft fühlend,* (Feeling new strength).

From this hint it has been easy for the tag-makers to turn the whole quartet into a circumstantial account of Beethoven's sickness and recovery. According to them, the first movement shows the illness at its height; the *scherzo* an exceptionally good day; the *adagio,* recovery; the march, misgivings and a struggle to keep up appearances; the body of the *finale,* relapse; and its coda, complete rehabilitation.

Readers of "Point Counter Point" will recall that this Dankgesang movement was invoked by Spandrell, the murderer and suicide, in order to demonstrate to the tough-minded Rampion the existence of God. And Spandrell was as dogmatic about it as Lenz was about the thirty-two dagger-thrusts in the "Eroica," or Herr Emil Ludwig about the festivals and ceremonies in the Seventh.

Happily, the literalists cannot spoil such music for all people all the time. To the million who come to the A minor unprejudiced by programs, it will convey a million different meanings. And each of these, by the grace of music's infinitude, will be as authentic as Beethoven's fancy mottos for his slow movement were to him when he set them down.

The most memorable parts of this quartet are the mystic ecstasy of the last *molto adagio* portion of the "Song of Thanksgiving," the forlorn gaiety of the little *alla marcia,* and the glorious *presto* coda of the *finale,* where the tragic main tune turns minor to major in the spirit of William Vaughn Moody's poem—

> Of loss and doubt and dread
> And swift, oncoming doom
> I made a helmet for my head
> And a floating plume.

(To be Concluded)

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